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T H E

# Monthly Miscellany;

For SEPTEMBER, 1776.

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*Thoughts on facilitating Marriage among the lower classes of people.*

By Monsr. BEAUMELL.

**I**F the princes of Germany continue to traffic another century in human flesh, they can no longer carry on the trade for want of commodities.

How comes it that the North, formerly so populous, that it was called *humani generis officina*, is now so thinly inhabited? What is become of that prolific principle? It subsists still; but moral causes chain up the power of natural ones.

One of the most pernicious effects of luxury, is the having multiplied the causes that interrupt the propagation of the human species, in multiplying the objects of pleasure and dissipation; we enter, in this respect, rich into the world; we become insignificant in it, by consuming our youth in pleasures that are the image of marriage, and which do not fulfil the intention of it; we marry when we are quite worn out, and we die useless.

How comes it that a nation in its infancy multiplies greatly? what is the reason that it does not multiply any more in the same proportion, when it is once formed?

There is in some parts of Guinea a custom which shews the good sense of that nation. On a certain day of Month, Mij.

the year, the king assembles all the youth of both sexes in his dominions, and performs on the spot as many marriages as there are marriageable pairs in the assembly. In this country they do not so much as know debauchery.

They count in Spain seven millions of souls; it might maintain six times the number; it wants, therefore, six degrees of happiness, of riches, and power. Do you not believe, that if a king of Spain would sincerely resolve upon it, he might re-people his country?

A prince will people his country by making marriage easy to the mechanic, the labourer, and the soldier, the gentleman and the rich merchant, by making the courtier reverence conjugal fidelity. He will facilitate marriage by encouraging industry; he will render this union respected, by extending the empire of morals, and by weakening the dominion of dissipation. In Germany, the slavery of the peasants destroys both industry and population; in France, the ridicule that is thrown upon lawful affection, the false air of grandeur and dignity which they have been pleased to introduce even into domestic pleasures; the slavish subjection to the mode, which makes conjugal fidelity an antiquated virtue;—all these have banished morals, and destroyed more illustrious names than either their duels or entrenchments.

C c c

Ob.

Observations on some English Proverbs.

MY Lord Bacon observes, that the genius, wit, and spirits of a nation are described by their proverbs; such as the noble sublimity of the Greeks and Romans, the gravity of the Spaniards, the sprightliness of the French, and the rugged simplicity of the English. I shall make a few observations on those proverbs which are either originally English, or adopted by our countrymen, and chiefly applied to persons in high life.

“Sail, quoth the King: hold, quoth the Wind.”

This is a proper admonition to Kings, that however great their power may be over their subjects, the wind, sea and weather will not obey them, let them bluster and threaten as much as they please.

“The king’s cheese goes half away in parings.”

That is, a great deal of it is squandered away among the collectors and other officers of the revenue, in public salaries, and perhaps private embezzlements, unless they are strictly watched and often called to account.

“The king’s chaff is worth more than other mens corn.”

This signifies, that even the little perquisites which attend the King’s service, are more considerable than the standing wages of private persons.

“He that eats the King’s goose, will be choaked with his feathers.”

Though too many princes don’t care how much their poor subjects are fleeced, they seldom pardon such injuries, when done to themselves, especially if they happen to be defrauded in that which is their darling

passion; and therefore some of our modern ministers, much wiser than their predecessors, instead of touching a bit of their master’s goose, have fattened it up for his own table at the people’s expence, as well as another for themselves.

“Kings and bares often worry their keepers.”

This is a very gross comparison, and I am sorry to find it amongst our English proverbs; though even Solomon, who was a King, as well as the wisest of men, make use of it. Nay the truth of it is confirmed by a thousand instances in history, and ought to be a warning to all bad Ministers and Courtiers; some of whom are so sensible of their danger, that they use their masters little better than bears, keeping them almost constantly muzzled and tied up, they grow very tame, and find it for their advantage to lead them about themselves.

“The people’s love is the King’s life-guard.”

These words contain so plain and excellent a moral, that they stand in need of no comment, and ought to be fixed up in character of gold over the gates of every palace.

“It is well said, but who will bell the cat?”

This is a Scottish proverb, and was occasioned, as Mr. Kelly (not Mr. Hugh Kelly) informs us, by the following circumstance in history.—The nobility of Scotland entered into a combination against one Spence, a favourite of King James the Third. It was proposed to go in a body to Stirling, seize Spence and hang him; then to offer their service to the king, as his natural counsellors; upon which lord Gray observed, It is well said, but who will bell the cat? alluding to the fable of the mice, who proposed

proposed to put a bell about the cat's neck, that they might be apprised of her coming. The earl of Angus replied, that he would bell the cat, which he accordingly executed, and was ever afterwards called Archibald Bell Cat.——This furnishes the nobility of all nations with a very good lesson, not to suffer a wicked favourite to domineer over his Sovereign, as well as themselves, and the whole nation, without exerting their authority against him, in the most rigorous manner, according to law.

“A friend at court is worth a penny in the purse”

My author seems to be of opinion, that this saying came into use before the customs of buying commissions, and placing of money, because at present a purse seems to be the only friend at court, without which nothing is to be got there but neglect and empty promises, unless a man hath it in his power to do a great man some notable job.

“As long as you are in the fox's service, you must hold up his tail.”

This is a severe sarcasm upon the abject tools, and implies that they must submit to any dirty work, which their paymaster shall think fit to impose upon them; such as holding up his tail, or even his strumpet's tail; for if they boggle at any thing, they are sure of being kicked off and exposed. To such persons therefore I would recommend the following proverb;——“Leave the court e'er the court leave thee.”

“If the D——l be vicar, you'll be clerk.”

This is spoken of trimmers, turncoats, and time servers, who abound too much in all courts, and commonly take the advice of another roverb.

“Never go to the D——l with a dish-clout in your hand.”

For he must be a fool, as well as a knave, who sells his soul for a trifle, if he can get any thing considerable by it: and herein consists the only difference between a rogue of state and a poor pickpocket. The former may be thought more honourable, according to court language; but the latter is equally honest, and much more excusable.

“Go back, and fall; go forward, and mar all.”

Applied to those who hemmed themselves in between such difficulties, that they cannot stir either one way or the other. 'Tis hath sometimes been the case even of Ministers, who have negotiated their country into so untoward a situation, that peace and war are equally dangerous and impracticable.

These proverbs, amongst a thousand more, contain a little compendium or epitome of our natural and political constitution. There is indeed a good deal of satire, and some of it not very delicate, mixed up with them, but such as is founded is founded in good sense, and agreeable to the spirit or a rough and free people.

*A Native of Britain.*

## R E P A R T E E.

COUNSELLOR C——being chosen a friendly arbitrator between two near relations, one of whom had a very deservedly bad character, it happened in the warmth of stating their grievances, the one gave the other the lie. “Lie, Sir,” says the man with the bad character, “know that is among the actions of my life I DARE not do.” “My dear friend,” says the counsellor, “do not be in a passion: upon my soul, you have too mean an opinion of your own courage.”

C c c 2

*Benefit of having the Gout.*

**I**F Pain be an evil, as some philosophers think, of consequence the Gout must be an evil, as afflicting the body with pain; but on due consideration, the gout, when recurring at stated times, in regular fits, may rather be reputed a good, and a benefit both to body and mind.

If consuming all superfluous humours, and driving to the extremities all the excrementitious, acrid, and tartarous or terrine parts of the blood, hinders their attacking the brain, heart, or any other noble part. Those who have experienced the gout will grant this; for it always leaves the head and heart free, and is seldom fatal, unless by intemperance, or the accession of other diseases, though indeed the true gout banishes many disorders, and some even that might otherwise prove very dangerous.

The gout therefore not only purges away superfluous humours, and is a preservative against a number of ailments, but it cannot be thought how it depurates, clears, and perfects the faculties of the mind.

By dissipating, and making to flow off, all thick, terrestrial, and useless humours, generated by the tartar of the blood (the true cause of the gout, and not any vice of the nerves, as most physicians vainly imagine) the blood becomes much purer, has a freer circulation, and is more subtilized.

Now, who can doubt that these good dispositions of the blood contribute greatly to constitute a sound state of the intellects? Add to this, that, whilst the body suffers a little externally, the mind employs itself within, collects into intuitive views the exertion of its powers, and thereby becomes stronger, and more piercing. A gouty person likewise, disincumbered of all the tumult of passion, moderate in eating and drinking, supposed to have time for re-

collection, and consigns himself over to contemplation, ought, certainly to have more ready, clear, and free conceptions.

There have been emergencies, wherein the counsels of the gouty have been found preferable to those of others. In all the important deliberations, whether as to war, domestic police, negotiation, or other salutary measures, who could acquit himself more nobly, or more to the honour of the nation than lord Chatham? The envious have endeavoured to traduce him, but his superior talents and eloquence still remain unimpeached and unrivalled.

The emperor Severus was never more capable of governing the Roman empire than in his fits of the gout. When his legions in Britain imagined him useless on that account, and became mutinous, in order to raise his son Caracalla to the chief command, he bravely had them decimated, and convinced them that his authority still demanded all their respect, as it was his head that governed them, not his feet.

The genius and refined politics of cardinal Mazarine never shone in a more conspicuous light than when his feet were swelled with the gout.

Erasmus composed some of his best works when he was confined by that disorder: and I may add Dean Prideaux also.

There is another reflection in regard to the gout, which militates in favour of the moral character. The gouty person, when roused by pain, cannot help meditating on the miseries of this life, and the little value that should be set upon it. Hence he must think of the happiness in another state of existence, which he is not able to procure for himself in this. I add, that some comfort is better than none, and that I can, in my own person, testify the truth of what is here advanced.

Leigh, Sept, 17.

J. C.



A FOUR MONTHS TOUR *through*  
FRANCE.

THE author of this performance gives the following account of the diversions at Paris :

"OF the public spectacles the *Comedie Françoise* is the chief, and has taken up our time more than any other, there being scarce an evening that we do not spend there. This theatre is spacious, and, when filled with company, has a splendid appearance. It is divided into the stage, orchestra, parquet, parterre, amphitheatre, and boxes. The stage and orchestra differ very little from those of Drury-lane or Covent-garden; except that in the one there is but little shifting of the scenes, and in the other a better band with shorter intermedia or interludes. The parquet, which is a division of about six or seven rows of clothed seats, behind the orchestra, is of the same price with the boxes, and filled promiscuously with men and women. The parterre, which answers to our pit, is without seats, and is filled with men who stand during the representation : and the amphitheatre is behind all, a little raised above the parterre, and containing the same, or it may be a greater number of benches than the parquet. The remainder of the house consists entirely of boxes, the first and second row of which are generally hired by particular people for a year, or longer, as they please.

The council or committee that manage the house conduct every thing with the greatest propriety and regularity.

The actors here, in my opinion, are far superior to the generality of those we have in England : a constrained and studied gesture is not so much to be observed amongst them ; for every motion of the body and arms seems to accompany the passions they express, with the greatest propriety and ease. Our actors are commonly awkward, because they appear to study

action, and to be thinking more in what attitude they shall throw themselves to catch a plaudit from the upper gallery, than on the subject that ought to give rise to it. The French do not seem to think that they are using gesture, and consequently it does not appear unnatural. Perhaps their superiority arises from the custom they have of accompanying every thing they speak with some motion or other of the body, and that they commence acting from the time they begin to articulate. I could wish to add to our stage a *Le Kain*, a *la Rive*, a *Mole*, and a *Veltris* ; but were the language the same in France and England, I do not imagine they would willingly change from a polite to a barbarous audience ; where the pensions, that should support them when they are infirm and no longer able to please the public are engrossed by a private purse. During the representations here, the attention of the house is remarkable ; there is no whistling between the fingers, no hawling for *roast beef*, nor pelting the parterre with oranges, but the public behaviour is such, as becomes those who lay claim to the title of a polished people. Upon the whole, our theatre, when compared to that of Paris, is little better than a bear-garden ; and I have no expectation (whatever account our own vanity may make of it) that it will ever bear any reputation among foreigners, before its regulation be totally altered, and no such glaring vestiges of barbarism remain.

Of the *Comedie Italienne* I have little more to say, than that the house is built on the same plan as *Comedie Françoise*, and that it sometimes consists of a sarrago of French and Italian, and of comedy, farce, and pantomime. *Harlequin* is introduced in most of the burlesque dramas, but instead of being a successful hero as he is with us, is buffeted, kicked, and made the sport of all the characters in them. I have seen the plot and incident of comedy disgraced

d disgraced with the vilest buffoonery; and think it an affront to Italy, which has given birth, if not to many great dramatic writers besides Metastasio, at least to great poets and historians, that this house should be called the *Comedie Italienne*. But I am talking nonsense; for though many of their pieces are scarce worthy a mountebank's stage, there are yet others that would do honour to any pen whatever; and it is no more a reproach to the Italians, that the French produce such as the former for specimens of their taste, than it would be to us were they to have a *Comedie Angloise*, and exhibit our late popular pieces of pageantry, when they might have chosen from a Congreve, a Johnson, or a Shakespear.

The opera is the most superb spectacle of Paris, and, in its decorations, scenery, and dancing, perhaps stands unrivaled. The house is very spacious, and in general well fill'd; though I imagine that the orchestra, which can boast an excellent band, has the least share in drawing the glittering crowds that resort there. But I judge from myself.——However no disparagement to this opera, I believe the same may be said of all the concerts in the world—few are those that feel the power of music, and I believe if we were to cull such from the number whom fashion, idleness, intrigue, or curiosity, has drawn, we should not find the proportion above one to an hundred. You may suppose me, if you please, to be with the majority: for I assure you I can find little inducement, either in the singing or dancing, to frequent the opera of Paris. Do not think I went prejudiced from report, for I am far from having a poor opinion of the French music in general, and from condemning their composition or execution, excepting that part which is performed by the voice. I should no more think of decrying the compositions of Lully, Phillidor, Gretry, and many

others, than I should of abusing the productions of Burney, Sacchini, or Handel. The music would please me exceedingly, could I hear it without the vile squalling with which it is accompanied. The performers on different instruments yield to none, but of their singers I have not heard one that has the least taste or judgment in the management of the voice; and I have wondered how it has been possible for them to be so disagreeable to the ear, in airs that would have done honour to any composer whatever. I have heard the *Orfeo* of the Chevalier Gluck so mangled, that had it not been for the symphonies, no one, however well acquainted with it before, could have known or recollected it. Whether the English or French is the best calculated to accompany musical sounds, let those decide who are better judges than I am: I do not mean to compare the one with the other: for as habit reconciles us to every thing, this opera in an English dress might possibly be as disagreeable to the French as it is in its Parisian garb to me. Voltaire says, that French music is only proper for French ears, and cannot be relished by any other, for this reason—parce-que la prosodie Françoise est different de toutes celles de l'Europe. Nous appuions (says he) toujours sur la dernière syllable, & toutes les autres nations pesent sur la penultieme, ou sur l'antepenultieme, ainsi que les Italiens. Nous n'avons point l'habitude, qu'on a chez le pape, & dans les autres cours Italiennes, de priver les hommes de leur virilite, pour leur donner une voix plus belle que celle de femmes. Tout cela joint a la l'entente de notre chant, qui fait un étrange contraste avec la vivacite de notre nation, rendra toujours la musique Françoise propre pour les seuls Français. This may probably be true, for whatever was the cause, there was not a singer that I thought had either judgment or sweetness of voice; and

yet

yet some of them were heard with as great an attention, and gained as warm plaudits, as ever did a Linley or a Davies.

I have been much pleased with the Concert Spirituel, as I had an opportunity of hearing, there, the most celebrated performers of France display their execution and taste, in solos and concertos composed for their particular instruments. This spectacle answers to our oratorios, and is performed on days when the theatres are not open. There, as well as at the opera, every air accompanied with French words was detestable: and though pleasing in the symphonies, when the finger began, were no longer so: but it seemed as if a squalling pipe of an organ had accidentally burst its valve, and destroyed the effect that an elegant composition would otherwise have had.

Among the public spectacles, I must not forget to tell you of one; that I little expected to have seen in France: I mean bull-baiting, and that more inhuman than even an English butcher can well conceive. The place appointed for this polite diversion, is a small amphitheatre built of wood. Around the arena, in the ancient manner, are the caves and dens for the beasts of combat; and over these are the boxes and galleries for the spectators. As this spectacle was announced by printed papers, Mr. — and I had the curiosity to see how it was conducted: as the French bestow very liberally on the English the title of a cruel nation, on account of the fondness the common people discover for this and some other diversions of the same sort. It begun with various combats of wolves, bears, and wild boars, with mastiffs; but the bull was reserved as a finishing stroke to satiate the cruelty of the spectators. It was not long before ours was sufficiently glutted. The animal, in springing to the first dog that entered, broke off his horn close to his head

against the wall. He was then defenceless: but they continued to send in mastiffs to the number of fourteen, that were suffered to hang about him, till he fell to the ground. This we did not see, for we could not stay the conclusion; but as we heard from our servant whom we left there, he was devouring alive for more than two hours, and that his nose, tongue, eyes, and throat were eaten, before he expired. Join with me, here, in retorting back on the French the appellation they bestow on us of *Peuple barbare*. I am, &c."

#### *On the Character of a real Philosopher.*

THERE is no prejudice more common than that of confounding singularity, and the love of distinction, with philosophy. Nor is this at all surprising. The vulgar, who never carry their thoughts beyond appearances, are always struck with the man who deviates from the common path, who pursues a system of conduct directly opposite to that of the generality of mankind, who despise what others covet, who renounce riches, grandeur, and all the sweets and allurments of life. This whimsical singularity of conduct, after dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, sometimes creates a prejudice in favour of his opinion; nay it happens, not unfrequently, that from being an object of pity or of ridicule, he obtains applause and admiration.

But let us distinguish philosophy from what has only the appearance of it; let us consider the man who professes it without prejudice; and let us not prostitute the name of wisdom to pride or peevishness — Under the Cynic's mantle, or that of the Stoic, under the appearance of disinterestedness, and a contempt of honours, fame and pleasure, it is no uncommon thing to find persons absolutely

solutely enslaved by envy, spleen, and ambition.

If philosophy is the search after truth, sincerity must be the first and most essential quality of a philosopher. Great talents, and the art of thinking, are not exclusive privileges granted to persons of cool, dispassionate, and virtuous dispositions. The man who thinks, is not always a philosopher; he may have a wretched temper, be tormented with spleen, and a slave to passion; he may be envious, haughty, deceitful, dissatisfied with others, and with himself. When this is the case, he is incapable of making just observations, his reasonings become suspicious; he can scarce see himself in his genuine, native colours; or if he does, he strives to conceal from himself the obliquity and irregularity of his temper and disposition: his philosophy, or rather the motley system of his brain, is full of confusion; there is no connection in his principles; all is sophistry and contradiction: insincerity, pride, envy, caprice, misanthropy, appear throughout; and if the vulgar, dazzled with his talents, and the novelty of his principles, look upon him as a profound and sublime philosopher, persons of nicer discernment see nothing but spleen, discontent, vanity, and sometimes malignity under the disguise of virtue.

The philosopher has no right to esteem or value himself, but when he contributes to the welfare of his fellow-creatures: the applause of his conscience is then only lawful and necessary, when he knows he deserves it.—In a world, blinded by prejudice, and so often ungrateful, this ideal recompence is, alas! almost the only one that is left to virtue: Let the philosopher, therefore, esteem himself happy, when he has done good; let him congratulate himself upon being free from those vain desires, those vices, those shameful

passions, those imaginary wants, with which others are tormented: but let him not compare himself with his fellow-creatures, in such a manner as to shock their self-love. If he thinks himself happier than they, let him not insult their wretchedness: above all; let him not plunge them into despair. The friend of wisdom ought to be the friend of men: he ought never to despise them; he ought to sympathize with them in their afflictions; he ought to comfort and encourage them. A love of mankind, an enthusiasm for public good, sensibility, humanity these are the motives which he may acknowledge without a blush.—Without this, philosophy is only an idle and useless declamation against the human species, which proves nothing but the pride or peevishness of the declaimer, and convinces nobody.

What title, indeed, has the philosopher to despise or insult his fellow-creatures? Is it because he imagines he has superior knowledge? But his knowledge is useless, if society derives no advantage from it. Why should he hate his species, or what glory can arise from misanthropy? True and solid glory can only be founded upon humanity, the love of mankind, sensibility, and gentleness of manners.—Are men ignorant and full of prejudices? Alas! education, example, habit and authority, oblige them to be so. Are they slaves to vice, passion, and frivolous desires? Those who regulate their destiny, the impostors who seduce them, the models which they have before their eyes, plant in their hearts all the vices that torment them.

To insult the wretched, is the height of barbarity; to refuse to lead the blind, is the height of cruelty; to reproach them bitterly for having fallen into the ditch, is both folly and inhumanity.

*The Shoulder is fitted to the Burden.*

MR. Tempest passing by one day, a porter resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and 'wished he had five hundred pounds.' 'Why, (says Tempest) I will give you five hundred pounds, and now what will you do with it?' 'Oh, (says the porter) I will soon tell you what I will do with it: First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast.'—'Well, and what time will you get up?' 'Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now.' 'Well, what will you do after breakfast?' 'Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner.' 'And what will you have for dinner?' 'Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will smoke a pipe.' 'Well, and then perhaps you will take a nap.'—'May be I may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper.' 'Well, and what will you have for supper?' 'Why, I do not know—I will have more beef if I am a hungry; or else I will have a welsh rabbit and another full pot of beer.' 'Well, and then?' 'Why then I will go to bed, to be sure.'—'Well, but will not you have a wife too?' 'Oh, d—n it, master, I have got one.' 'Pray how much now may you earn a week by your business?' 'Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings a week.' 'Why, will you not be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?' 'Why, I do not know, master, I have been thinking so.' 'Well then, let me propose a scheme to you.' 'With all my heart, master.'—'Why, you can do all this every day as you are, and employ your time into the bargain.'

*Month. Mis.*

'Why, really so I can, master, I think, and so take your good again, and thank you.'

This honest fellow (who was much wiser than Pyrrhus on a like occasion) determined, as I believe would for the most part be done, if people were carefully and unbiassed to weigh on both sides. They would find that providence was their best friend, in not cursing their short-sighted schemes with compliance; as Jupiter, in that fine fable, did Semele, who saw her wish in one view only, but did not consider that the 'bright enflamed embrace' which was only the 'glow of divine passion' for a goddess, (which her fond lover tempered as much as possible to her bearings) would scorch up a mortal to a cinder. *Ovid. Met.*

## BON MOT.

*By Mr. FOOTE.*

THE death of the late Mr. Holland, of Drury-lane theatre (who was the son of a baker at Chyffwick) had likewise a very great effect on Foote's spirits; being a legatee, as well as appointed, by the will of the deceased, one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family-vault, at Chyffwick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford-coffee-house, where an acquaintance coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost snivelling at the same time, "I have just seen him *showed* into the family-oven."

*Ddd*

*Extra*



*Extracts from ORIGINAL LETTERS, DRAMATIC PIECES, and POEMS, by BENJAMIN VICTOR.*

I Shall now proceed to a character that deserves the pen of the ablest historians, viz. CHARLES LUCAS, an apothecary and citizen of Dublin.

My intimacy with this extraordinary person (whom I am proud to call by the name of friend) may perhaps lead me into a warmth, that his enemies will call partiality. His person is very agreeable; he has all the requisites to render him engaging in social life; he has all the requisites to render him useful in public life; he is a good scholar, and to crown all, he is a man of virtue. His peculiar happiness as an Orator was so universally admired, that it largely contributed to his seeming ruin.

When he was chosen into the Common Council of this city, his talents were so superior to all in that assembly, that he soon grew a leader there. And as the richest body of men in all kingdoms are apt to distress the poorer, it was not to be wondered the Aldermen had committed numberless encroachments on the city, with impunity. Charles Lucas had penetration to discover, elocution to display, and joined to these abilities, the greatest firmness of mind that ever possessed the human being. From all this you will not wonder at his carrying every thing before him—or that his election for the city to parliament would have met with the least doubt—but his openants in the city were too contemptible for so enterprising a genius; he soared at higher game; and from rescuing the city from slavery, turned his thoughts at once to rescue the nation. He began that attempt when confined to his chamber in a long fit of the gout. I found him one day earnestly employed with his papers, that it excited my curiosity to enquire after his subject

—he consented and read to me for an hour, which was nothing less than a satirical description of the political situation of Ireland with England. I heaved with amazement! and when I had expressed my dislike to it with some warmth, he laughed it off, by asking my pardon for forgetting I was an Englishman! To conclude, he published this work in three or four large pamphlets, which gave great offence to government; and when the Earl of Harrington came over Lord Lieutenant, those pamphlets were bound in a handsome volume, which he had the spirit and indiscretion to present to his Excellency one morning at his levee. Ihus many persons have been ruined by those popular virtues, for which they were first admired.

On the day the Lord Lieutenant went to the House of Lords, to open the parliament, Mr. Lucas came to visit me, and when the cannon were firing to denote the business of the day, I laid my hand upon his, and said, “—You hear those guns—prithce tell me Charles—have you no fears”—he answered “he had not;” and I really believed him, so secure was he of safety in his popularity; but in less than four hours after, it appeared in print that the Lord Lieutenant in his speech from the throne had pointed him out as an object of resentment to the House of Commons. The Commons proceeded with severity, but at the same time with a dignity becoming that House; and the best friends of Mr. Lucas were obliged to assemble to force him into a boat, to carry him to the Isle of Man, to avoid his commitment to Newgate—that measure was happy for him and government, considering the outrageous temper of the populace; had he been committed, great mischiefs must have ensued, which must all have been carried to his account.

He was a long time in London; if you had met with him, you would have

have found the truth of his character—he was particularly kind and friendly to D—. He was in the theatre the first night she appeared in the character of Indianer.—and what with his fears for her and the distress of the character of the last act (which was new to him) and the success she met with—from all these circumstances he was seen to shed a plentiful number of tears, of so gentle and tender a disposition is the heart of this amiable man.

#### To M. D. Esq.

My dear friend,

I Hear, by a letter just received from London, that you are in sorrow. No point of distress, in this life, in my imagination, is more sharp than what a fond parent suffers by the loss of a favourite child; and still more afflicting when lost by acts of disobedience, than death—but you will suppose I have taken up my pen to alleviate the pangs you must feel on this occasion; having found it among the many errors of human nature, that we are too apt to assist our evil genius, by magnifying our misfortunes, and making them appear greater than they really are.

It must be of service to you my dear friend, to go upon this enquiry—Your daughter has committed an act of disobedience, by marrying without your consent or knowledge; this action, where the fond parent is rich, and carefully providing for an only child, is a most afflicting circumstance; this is granted—Well, but though some part of your exalted hopes are gone, is your child wholly lost? that is the important question remaining—has she married a man of an infamous character? a man bred to no profession! If she has been so unhappy, why then you must take her home to you again (after she has felt some of the misery she has wedded, and is become a true penitent) with all her folly on her head; but if she has

not been so indiscreet, and what report says be true—that she is married to a handsome young man of science, and a proficient, and one you made a frequent visitor in your house, which is a proof of his having a fair character: If these particulars are facts, I should really be inclined to hope that good may arise out of this disagreeable evil, and, after a little time employed to wear out the resentment, contracted by this act of disobedience, that you will behave like yourself—a good father!

Permit me my friend, to tell you a short story, a little similar to this occasion: A certain very worthy, sensible Lord, very near you, had the mortification to hear that one of his daughters was married to his coachman, an honest man, who had been some years in his family—As soon as his Lordship heard it, he sent for his daughter into the closet, and charged her with it—the young lady fell on her knees, and confessed her crime—Her father (with great composure) told her, he hoped she had considered well before she took so extraordinary a step, and fully determined to adapt her conduct and future life to the condition of her husband; and with that gentle admonition she withdrew, and John was sent for, who, you will suppose, appeared before his Lord with all those palpitations and tremblings that became to great a culprit—but his master soon told him, as his daughter was no girl, he thought her most to blame in this affair, since she could forget her birth, her education, and fortune, and sacrifice all to be his wife, he thought the temptation too great for him to withstand, and therefore (added the father) I have sent for you to tell you what I will do. John—because you are my son-in-law, think not I will attempt to make you, what nature has forbid, a gentleman! No—I will take a proper house for you, give you two good coaches, and a

set of good horses, with five hundred pounds to set the wheels a going; and let me hear that you behave like an honest man and a good husband.

I have been well informed this happy couple live, at this time at the upper end of the Haymarket—that the man is rich with a good character, and the wife happy, and the mother of six children.

Your faithful friend and servant.

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To the EDITOR.

*Solitude sometimes is but society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.*

MILTON.

SIR,

I have now lying before me the late Dr. Battie's admirable treatise on Madness, which that gentleman wrote many years ago. As the medical art has not been my principal study, I shall not attempt to address you in the cant of physical jargon, but shall trouble you with a few thoughts just as they arise to my imagination.

"Various (says the doctor) are the causes of this fatal disorder; but as these would be too numerous to trouble you with at present, I shall confine myself only to one. The mind that is perpetually bent on one object soon loses itself; and hence it is that we meet with many whom we distinguish by the appellation of *absent men*. The mind, like the body, requires its recess from labour; and, like the parent earth, thrives best when its culture is varied. After a little relaxation from business, we return to the toil with redoubled vigour, and the prospect of recess encourages us to proceed in it cheerfully. Society is perhaps one of the greatest reliefs in disorders of the mind, since it awakens it to cheerfulness, and dispels the anxious gloom that surrounds it; which, if indulged to excess, fixes such a melancholy on the mind as frequently terminates in madness."

Certain I am, that the man who visits different companies, and joins in the chat of the evening, can never go mad; for the many whimsical objects, the absurdity of opinions, and the solemn gravity and importance of consequential ignorance; all these united cannot fail of raising his risibility, and diverting his mind from the most gloomy reflections.

Is it not laughable enough to hear the barber, the taylor or the blacksmith, pointing out the different plans which administration ought to have formed for the conquest of America; while others with an equal share of knowledge and experience, are warm in the support of the present system of politics? But the emissaries of government, who scatter themselves over every part of the town, and who enter at every door that is open to receive them, afford us the most singular diversion. They sail with the tide, and shift with the wind; they veer through every point of the compass; and when they find themselves foundering on the rock of conviction, they catch even at straws to keep themselves above water.

Though these are objects that may relieve the labouring mind for a moment, yet it is calm and reasonable society that must lull our fatigued thoughts to rest, divert them from one fixed channel of ideas, and at once improve and delight: but the difficulty of finding such company made the wise Romans exclaim, *Requiem quesivi, et non inveni nisi in angulo cum libello!* I know not whether disputes on religion and politics may not be considered as the bane of society. For a perfect knowledge of these almost every man lays in his claim, though he perhaps knows very little of the matter. I mean not to wish, that these two topics of conversation should be totally excluded from society; but certain I am, that they are the frequent cause of much strife, noise, and contention, and generally

generally most among those who know least of the subjects. In extensive mercantile cities, disinterested societies are rarely to be met with, since trade is the general topic, and interest the argument. They are generally divided into parties, and the cause of liberty or tyranny is equally defended, not with coolness and reason, but with warmth and violence. Every man almost is naturally fond of his own opinion, and few of us have candour enough to suppose we may be wrong, or generosity enough to acknowledge it even when we are convinced thereof.

If society is not to be found in large and extensive cities, where then are we to seek it? Shall we find it in the gloom of woods and forests, or be diverted from care by the melancholy falls of water, or the purrlings of the meandering stream?—We must look for it only in the company of a few select and well chosen friends, whose dispositions resemble our own, and whose conversation, though general, is polite and refined—who have seen and studied men and things, and who know how properly to blend lively mirth with instructive seriousness—who sacrifice no absent character to private views, and who can with pleasure give the praises that are due to superior merit, though they find it in the bosom of a stranger.

#### AMICUS.

*Letter from Ignatius Sancho, a free Black in London, to the late Rev. Mr. Sterne.*

[From Mr. STERNE'S Letters, lately published by his daughter.]

From Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne.

Reverend Sir,

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps something like it), to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those peo-

ple whom the vulgar and illiberal call Negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest Corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth discourse, page 78, in the second vol. is this very affecting passage—"Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants; who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself and the humane author of *Sir George Ellison*. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—Gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an Epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the up-lifted

lifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir, Yours, &c.

I. S.

*From Mr. Sterne, to Ignatius Sancho, Coxwold, July 27, 1767.*

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why *her* brethren? or yours, Sancho, any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's to the footiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease; and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But it is no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.—For my own part, I never look westward, (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion, that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you mean my uncle Toby more he is your debtor.

—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery: and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so good-hearted Sancho adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours, L. STERNE.

*NATURE and Use will discover themselves through all disguises.*

[From RICHARDSONIANA; OR, Occasional Reflections on the Moral Nature of Man.]

GREAT achievements and rich robes cover the man, but do not lose him, either to himself or his own natural qualities.

They are not always the most important, and the most useful services, that are the most acceptable, and the best rewarded; those which humour the little but intimate passions, which are indeed the man, are more grateful often than those which honour and aggrandize the king; for let a king be as much a king as he will, he is still more a man. Besides, that these are accompanied with, and are encumbered by, no jealousies either in point of glory or safety. Those great and conspicuous actions shew fair and glaring on the great stage, the lesser commonly moves the strings behind the scenes.

In like manner we are not to judge of the man by the most considerable actions; in these he is in his stage dress,



dress, and considers the world as observing every word and gesture; but they are the words and actions he thinks none see or hear; and when he is gone behind the scene; and for the same reason they are no more the most important people who are the judges of the man, but his servants, and those who note him when he supposes none observe, and therefore is quite off his guard.

Who see when he is seen least  
wife.

*Milton, P. L. VIII. 578.*

These, if they have skill and observation, see the greatest personages and those whom the world most considers, undressed, and 'making ducks and drakes.' *Hor. S. II. l. 71.* Rochefoucault says, somewhere, that a 'great man has nobody to fear so much, for his character, as his valet-de-chambre.' The more he winds himself up, and strains the chords for the public, the more he lets himself down; as I have been assured that 'Prior, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe, and drink a bottle of ale, with a common soldier and his wife in Long-Acre, before he went to bed;' not from any remains of the lowness of his original, as one said; but, I suppose, that his faculties

—Strain'd to the height

In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down and  
sought repair.

*Milton, P. L. VIII. 454.*

for men cannot hold always on the stretch; and I have heard that "Turenne, after his great fatigues and hurry of spirits in those vast affairs he had the conduct of, would settle himself to rest, by the interposition of the trifling and empty amusement of a silly novel, before he got into bed, or else he could not sleep."

"I have often heard my father Scævola tell, (says the Orator Crassus in Cicero) that his father-in-law Lælius used commonly to go into the country with Scipio; and that these great men would become as it were children again in those recesses to which they had made their escape from the city as from a prison. I dare not say it of such men, but yet Scævola affirmed, that they would ramble on the Baian shore, and gathering flates and oyster-shells would unbend in plays that credulity itself would hardly believe." *Cicero de Orat. II.*

I have heard the like of Oliver Cromwell, who, when protector of the commonwealth of England, would play at romps with his guests, and, that in the fallies of their bodily wit, they would sling cushions and carpets at one another.

Other people's virtues or accomplishments may make us admire and even esteem and honour them; but our good-will and affection will be more likely obtained by some weak action or misfortune of such.

When a great man, who hath been long envied, and thence hated, tho' admired, happens to suffer some severe affliction, it at once reconciles his very enemies, by moving their compassion, which is a sort of respectful contempt. "Pericles, whose greatness the Athenians hated, only because it put in evidence the littleness of every one of them, though it was all applied to their benefit, became their darling on the death of his last son: at whose funeral he lost all his former superiority of soul, and appeared to them with the same weakness and passions as themselves." *Plutarch, Pericles.*

Our mutual wants and misfortunes, to which all conditions are liable, keep us in humour pretty tolerably one with another.

Nisi mutuo esseamus miseri, olim alii alii potuissimus esse fastidio. *Quint. v. 5. 12.*

*Thoughts on our MORAL FEELINGS.*

OUR *Sentiments*, or moral feelings, are, as it were, the *Ideas of the heart*; our tastes and inclinations being the assemblages or combinations of those feelings, in the same manner as our opinions, and the propositions expressive of them, are of the several ideas of the head.

The process of reasoning or argument forms a chain of propositions, the connection and dependence of which lead the understanding to those conclusions which the force of evidence obliges it necessarily to adopt. In the same manner, the passions form a regular train of inclinations, whose united force prevails over the will, and necessarily determines it to desire this or that mode of gratification. Hence, by a philosophical investigation of our moral sensations, we may form a kind of sentimental system; and, by tracing the passions to their source, and observing their mutual dependencies and connections, may so regulate their operation, as to make them productive of our happiness, in subjecting them to the rules of right reason, and directing them to the benevolent purposes of humanity.

Some of the fair sex pique themselves on their knowledge in the sciences, and abstruse parts of philosophy; but female understandings should be embellished only with the qualities of the heart; and therefore the ladies should confine themselves entirely to the cultivation of the study of such qualities.—Formed by Nature, and intended by Providence to furnish the state with subjects, and to educate them in their earliest infancy, when it is necessary to sow and cultivate in their tender breasts the seeds of virtue, they should regard all other studies as improper that tend to take off their minds from this important object. This is the philosophy of their province, which will teach them to substitute a rational and cordial affection, in the place of a blind impetuous instinct.

A simple idea is the image of a being, mode, or substance present to the mind; whereas our *sentiments*, or feelings, are, properly speaking, the emotions of the will to embrace or reject any object, according as the impression it makes on us, is agreeable or disagreeable.

Our feelings, like our ideas, are simple, complex, and abstracted; singular, particular, and universal. Thus, an emotion of regard occasioned by the appearance of a beautiful object, if it arise only from its form, is a simple sensation; if a love for such an object not only arises from the gracefulness of person, but also from a sense of the good qualities of the heart, and the accomplishments of the understanding, it is complex. A regard for no particular object, but for a lovely form, or beauty in general, is an abstract sensation.

There is Cydalise: she admires some of those gentlemen who are polite enough to allow her more beauty than her looking-glass does: if she has a passion for one only it is singular; for two, three, or more, it is particular; but if she only pleases herself with the conversation of men in general, it is universal.

A simple emotion of regard is not, at first, a fixed passion; as a point is not a line; but as the latter is only a continuity of points, so a train of tender sensations forms a determined inclination. The emotions may retain their simplicity in this case, from the first to the last of the growing passions. They may, also, on the other hand, become very complex and compounded, through a mixture of jealousy, fear, vanity, &c.—An assemblage of moral sensations, without order, or connection, forms what we usually call humour or caprice, to which your pretty fellows, and handsome women are, the most subject; their hearts being as ill-formed as their heads; the emotions of the one, and the vagaries of the other, are equally whimsical and ridiculous.

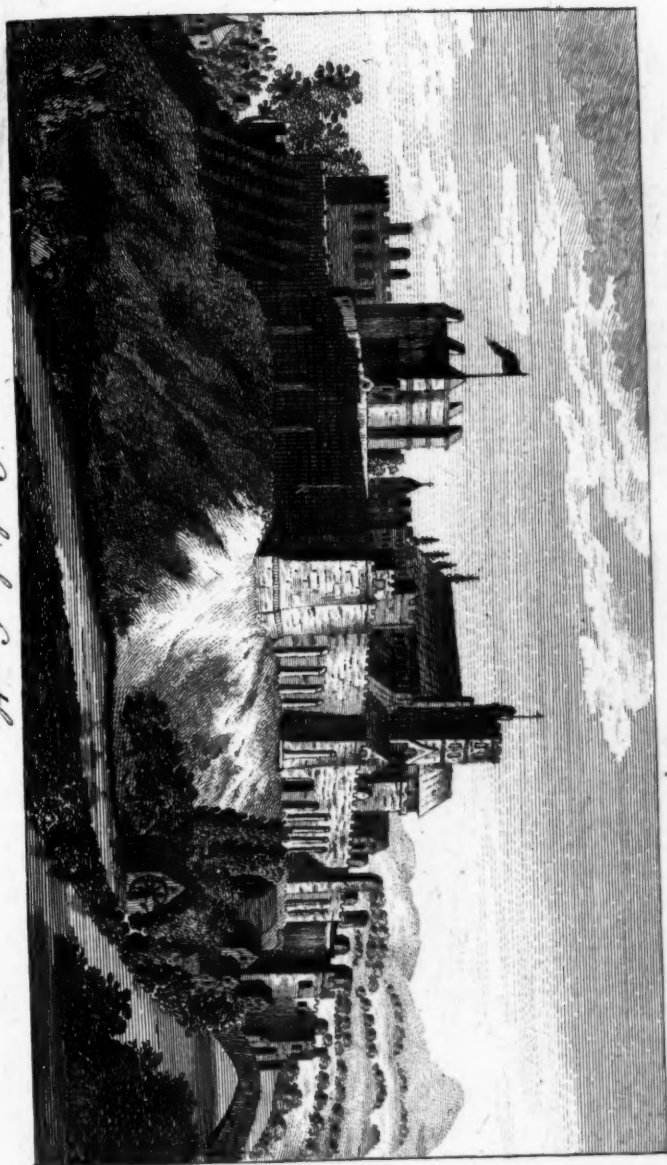
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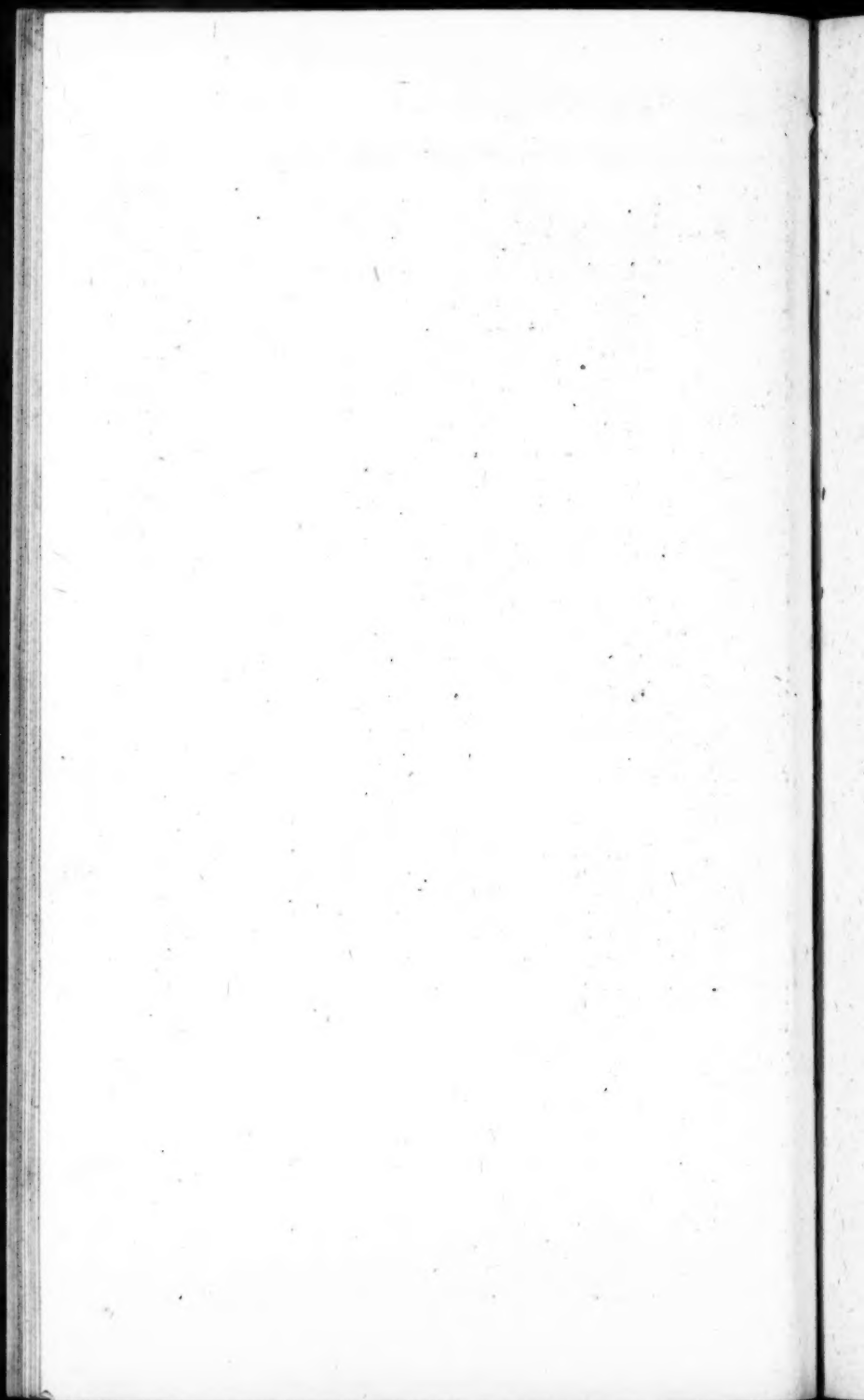
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*Carlisle Castle.*





Political Character of COLONEL  
BARRÉ.

THE rank here assigned to this gentleman, as a parliamentary speaker, second on the opposition list in the house of commons, may probably be controverted by the majority of our readers; but we repeat this apology, that we wish to be impartial; that unconnected with faction or even party, whether in or out of administration, we feel no predilection for any man or knot of men whatsoever, but what their public virtue or abilities entitle them to; and farther, that we find very powerful objections to the pretensions of the only two competitors (Mr Dunning and Mr. Fox), who could have possibly stood in the way of the precedence here given.

Colonel Barré's first appearance within that circle which is the present object of delineation, was under the auspices of Lord Chatham in 1766, when, as the noble earl expressed himself on a subsequent occasion, he found himself over ruled by a secret influence, suggested, nourished, and supported by secret treachery, official power, and public councils, by which he learned, when it was too late, "that there was Something within the Court greater than the King himself." He continued, under this administration, one of the Vice Treasurers of Ireland, till the dismission of his noble friend, Lord Shelburne, from office, whose political fortunes he has shared since his first appearance as a public man; and till that period so justly described by the noble Earl first mentioned, when "there was not two planks of the state vessel left together, which had been originally launched." He has, with hardly an exception, continued uniformly in opposition ever since: but as we set out with declarations of impartiality and unconnection, it is become a part of our duty to mark the least devia-

[*Month. Mij.*]

tion in the Colonel, from this stated line of conduct.

The resolutions in the Committee of the whole House, in the beginning of the spring session, 1774, having we fear fatally spawned that celebrated law called the Boston Port Bill, as the first-born of those measures which have produced the present civil war in America, it met with the Colonel's support, contrary to every anterior and subsequent opinion of his in parliament. This was matter of surprise at the time, and there were some who did not hesitate to impute so sudden and unexpected an alteration of sentiment to motives which have since governed several others, who then stood high in the estimation of the Public, but who have since flatly belied all their former professions, or at least have learned to be persuaded that they were mistaken or misled. The observation here made was not barely confined to the suspicions or murmurs of the people without doors; it has frequently been objected to him by several of the members of administration in debate, when he has arraigned, in the most unqualified terms, the measures of government, and charged their authors with ignorance, temerity, and injustice. We heard them more than once retaliate on him, in nearly the following words: "The Boston Port Bill, no matter whether a wise, an expedient, or an equitable measure, drew the nation into this war. Why did you support it so warmly, with all those powers of oratory and ratiocination, which you so eminently possess? Every thing which has since followed grew out of that measure. If it was a wise measure, why not continue to support it? If a bad one, why for a minute lend it your countenance?" The Colonel's answer can only be properly decided upon by the monitor residing in his own breast. He has repeatedly said on

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those occasions, "that the Minister gave him and his friends, both within and out of parliament, the most full and specific assurance if the bill were permitted to pass both Houses, with an appearance of firmness and unanimity, the East India Company would receive reparation for the tea which had been destroyed the preceding autumn; that this would produce measures of lenity and conciliation on this side of the water; that government meant to relax on certain material points; and that every dispute subsisting between Great Britain and her Colonies would terminate in the most amicable manner; equally for the advantage and honour of both countries. But when this point was gained, administration feeling themselves stronger than they expected, they proceeded to hostilities on the constitutional rights of the Colonies, by following the Boston Port Bill with the Massachusetts Bay Charter Bill, and that for the removal of offenders in America for trial to another colony, or home to Great Britain." We have stated the charge and the defence, and very cheerfully commit the whole to the judgment of our intelligent readers, to decide upon what from us can deserve no public opinion.

From the months of April and May, 1774, the history of this gentleman's political character may be contained in a nut-shell. He has from that period to the present held up the highest tone of opposition; and has frequently made the Minister uneasy on his seat; filling at the same time the whole Treasury-bench with terror and dismay.

Colonel Barre's oratory is manly, nervous, and convincing, and such as may be supposed to have actuated the breast, and have fallen from the mouth of a Grecian or Roman General, when the Legislator, Archon, or Consul, were able to carry into execution those plans and operations of

war which they proposed to support in the Senate or their Assemblies. He is generally well informed, particularly in the way of his profession, and never fails to deliver his sentiments in open, bold terms, seemingly without any predilection for his friends or his opponents, from the former of whom he frequently differs. His matter is not various, but generally selected and well chosen. He never speaks on any subject of which he is not well informed, and usually deals in truth too clear to be controverted, and too severe to be palliated or defended. The minister of War, as well as the minister of the finances, frequently feel the weight of those truths, and the energy of expression with which they are accompanied and enforced; and that in a manner too pungent and mortifying to be ever forgotten, or forgiven. He is well acquainted with the whole detail of the military establishment, with the arrangements dependent on it, and with proper ordering of the troops, whether directed to operations of war, or in times of domestic tranquillity. In short, as he is one of the most pointed forcible speakers in the House, though perhaps far from being the greatest orator; if we were to hazard a conjecture on mere appearance, we are inclined to think that administration would esteem him the most valuable acquisition they could at present obtain; and that he is the individual in the House of Commons, on the side of opposition (Messrs. Burke, Dunning, or Fox not excepted) in the present state of things, whose defection would deserve most to be regretted.

On the other hand, Colonel Barre, though a man of letters, does not possess the extensive funds of knowledge for which some of his partisans are so eminently distinguished. The early part of his days were passed in camps, and learning the rudiments of his profession, not in Courts or Senates.

Senates. His oratory has few of those graces which recommend even trifles. He seldom directs his locution so as to gain the avenues to the heart; and when he makes the attempt, he always misses his way; he never studied the graces; or if he did, he made as unsuccessful a progress as Phil. Stanhope. He speaks like a soldier, thinks like a politician, and delivers his sentiments like a man. On the whole, he may and ought to profit from the sneers of his antagonists. They call him the Story-Teller, and with great justice; for whether it be the salvation of a great empire, or a skirmish with a few wild Indians, the Colonel is never at a loss for a story in point, in which he himself had the fortune to be one of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

We will close this rude sketch, with affirming, that we have heard him interlard some of his most pointed speeches on the most important occasion, with anecdotes that would disgrace a school-boy at the Christmas recess; or a narrative old woman, when she takes it into her head to be most narrative, uninteresting, and loquacious.

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*The Motive alone is the true measure of Virtue.*

**B**usbequius, in his return into Germany from his Turkish embassy, was received out of the gates of Buda, from the bashaw, by an odd cavalcade of young Turks, with their heads shaved, and the flesh new cut in a line to the scull, into which were stuck a great number of quills of various colour'd feathers, whilst they, all running down with blood, came gaily prancing on, appearing quite unconcerned, to receive him. There were others on foot, one of whom walked gravely, with his arms naked, and a-kimbo,

like two handles, in the fleshy parts of which, above the elbow, were stuck, through and through, two great butcher's knives. Another naked from the navel upwards, came on, with his skin gathred above and below the loins and a thong inserted, by which hung a club as from a girdle. A third had a horse-shoe fastened to the top of his scull, with many nails. This had been done long before, the horse-nails being too overgrown and united with the flesh, that the whole was as if it had grown there.

What will not the desire of praise induce men to do? No matter how ridiculous and absurd the subject! or rather this will push it to more violent effects, because the more wrong-headed, the more positive and enthusiastic. It is twenty to one if these fellows were not the veriest scoundrels in the world; because those that could value themselves on a quality that had no true merit in it, nor connection with it, and that with such fallies of excess, would most probably be negligent in proportion, and untouched with what is real and worthy: as the *Banians* who are compassion-mad to animals, but utterly insensible to the sufferings of men.

Agesslaus seeing a malefactor endure the greatest torments with prodigious constancy, cried out with indignation, "What an audacious villain is this, that dares employ patience, courage, and magnanimity in such an impious and dishonest cause!"

But what would not such extraordinary qualities, such stubborn courage and constancy be capable of, if they had a right bias given them? as rank ground, that is clogged and perplexed with thorns and thistles, would be proportionably rich and excellent, with careful and judicious culture.

In like manner, the dread of blame, which in itself is a noble and useful principle, is, in respect of us, just

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as it is turned and directed; and as it will deter men from doing ill actions, it will equally deter them from executing the most reasonable and praiseworthy, if it is ever over-ruled by a certain false modesty and want of constancy, that turns aside its regular and steady current. Therefore the most part of mankind are perpetually doing what themselves disapprove, or kept from doing what they judge to be right, for fear of the opinions and tongues of those whom they neither love nor esteem. If they do esteem and honour them, they are still the more embarrassed.

"You desire to know if I have seen an Indian wife burn with her husband; in answer to which, I say not: I never could prevail with myself to see such a sight, or I might have seen some twentysince I came. The story is too true to make a jest on, and but about six days since, a servant of my own who died, his wife burned with him. They are not allowed to do it within our bounds, or we should never be free from one or other. This is among the *Gentoo*s, the ancient masters of the country, before the *Moors* took it from them. The *Moors* all bury, and the *Gentoo*s all burn their dead; but it is not every cast whose wives burn with them; but those who do, are greatly revered by the rest. It is very frequent to see a pretty young creature of fifteen or sixteen jump voluntarily into the pile of an old ill-natured husband; and few hours are allowed, or one would think they must be intoxicated; but the man who dies in the morning must burn before night; sometimes they have not two hours allowed; but it is all priest-craft; and the woman whose cast it is to burn with her husband, cannot live but as an out-law; she is not suffered to wash, or to eat the same meat as the rest, nor allowed any one to dress her rice for her, besides lives in perpetual shame among her kin.

Some years ago, one of our chiefs at Vizagapatam, took a young creature by force from the fire; when he touched her she could not burn, but was held unworthy of it. He carried her home to the fort, and had several children by her, from whence has sprung a numerous issue; half the families in Madras and this place have sprung from her; governor Benyon's first and second wife were great grandchildren from this *Gentoo* girl. Not three months since lady Russel, whose husband is chief of Cossimbuzar, in going up thither, saw a beautiful young creature washing in the river, in order to burn with the dead body of her husband, who was laid upon the banks. My lady went out of the boat to talk to her, and said she would carry her home and maintain her. She could easily have carried her off, as she had with her several gentlemen, and twenty soldiers; but the girl rejected her offer with all the scorn and resentment imaginable, and, before their faces, herself set fire to the pile she was laid on, clasping the dead body in her arms. I could give you fifty instances of the like nature, but these will suffice; not that I would trust this account with any one who I believed had not so good an opinion of my veracity, as I might pass for one of those fashionable ratiolers of the present age, so addicted to falsehood; or, as travellers have gone far for their accounts, have a large latitude given them.

"Every 29th day of March you may see hundreds with a large flesh-hook run through their backs, and swinging by it a vast height in the air for some minutes; others with a spit run through their tongue; some are stuck full of needles; as many more sling themselves from stages, built for the purpose, a great height from the ground, upon naked swords and plow-shares; others you see with their hands grown close shut up, and the

the nails made their way through to the back; and some with their two arms bolt upright above their head, and grown to that posture; with an hundred others too tedious to name: And these are all among a set of Religious, who are kept by the public, and are perhaps in themselves a set of the greatest villains in the world, and commit all kinds of outrages, for which none dare punish them." Mrs. Williamfon's letter to Mrs. Sheppard, from Calcutta, January 25, 1742-3.

*Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Collet, dated at Cossimbuzar, Nov. 25, 1744.*

"I must now relate to you an affair I was an eye-witness of, which was the burning of a woman with her husband's corpse. Close by the river side was erected a little hut, composed of dry wood and combustible stuff, which was left open only to the river, yet the sides were not so close but one might see through them very well; myself and two or three gentlemen stood to the windward of the hut, so that we could see very plain into it, as the wind sent the fire and smoke from us. The woman, after washing in the river, and several superstitious ceremonies, took a lighted torch in each hand, and then asking her friends very calmly, (while they were bathed in tears) if they had any tokens for their relations in the next world, went into the hut, seated herself by her husband's corpse, and then set fire to the hut herself, which was presently in a blaze. I saw her all the time till she was dead; she sat upright, with her back against some of the stakes which composed the hut, and never once screamed or stirred a limb, but sat till the stakes she leaned her body against broke down, by which time she was dead. After the thing was over, it appeared like a dream to me, I could scarce believe what I had but a minute before been an eye-witness

of. I am surprized she never once shrunk when the devouring flames were round her, or cried Oh! but you may be assured the thing is fact."

*To the Editor of the Monthly Miscellany.*

**P**ASSING through Bartholomew Fair, which is now reduced to little more than a gingerbread fair, an odd group presented itself to my view, which I have delineated upon paper as well as I am able, and hope you will favour me with an engraving from it in your next Miscellany. That curious modern structure, the Market Bell, you may perceive, has not escaped my observation. I believe I am not singular in my opinion, when I declare it to be the most paltry, uncouth and inelegant public erection, that ever has disgraced the city of London. I would recommend to the committee for that department, to pull down this miserable, gibbet-like edifice, and erect in its stead a place for the bell, somewhat similar to that in Fleet Market; especially as the city Treasury is in good plight; and the addition of fifty or an hundred pounds could not possibly be missed out of the Chamber of London.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, T. H.  
A Bullock Salefman.

#### ANECDOTE of Lord CHESTERFIELD.

**S**IR Timothy Tallboy being at a private audience with lord Chesterfield, some months before his death, the former, by way of complimenting his lordship on the regularity of his life, told him he would die *by inches*. "Do you really think so," says his lordship? "Indeed, I do, my lord, says Sir Thomas. "Why then," replies the other, measuring the full length of the knight with his eye, "my great comfort is that I am not as *tall* as you are."



*The Copy of an original Letter, written by the late Earl of Rochester to Dr. J. Pierce, President of Magdalen College, and afterwards Dean of Sarum, a little before his death.*

MY indisposition renders my intellectuals almost as feeble as my person; but, considering the candour and extreme charity your natural mildness hath always shewn me, I am assured at once both of a favourable construction of my present lines, which can but faintly express the sorrowful character of an humble and afflicted mind, and also these great comforts your inexhaustible goodness, learning and piety plentifully afford to the drooping spirits of poor sinners; so that I may truly say, Holy man, to you I owe what consolation I enjoy, in urging God's mercies against despair, and holding me up under the weight of those high and mountainous sins my wicked and ungovernable life has heaped upon me.—If God should be pleased to spare me a little longer here, I have unalterably resolved to be a new man, to wash out the stain of my lewd courses with my tears, and to weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations of my former doings, that the world may see how I loath sin, and abhor the very remembrance of those tainted and unclean joys I once delighted in; these being, as the apostle tells us, the things whereof I am now ashamed: Or, if it be his great pleasure now to put a period to my days, that he will accept of my last gasp, that the smoke of my death-bed offering may not be unfavourable to his nostrils, and he drive me like Cain from before his presence. Pray for me, dear Doctor, and all you that forget not God, Pray for me fervently, take heaven by force, and let me enter with you in disguise; for I dare not appear before the dear Majesty of that Holy

One I have so often offended. Warn all my friends and companions to a true and sincere repentance to day, before the evil day come, and they be no more. Let them know that sin is like the angel's book in the Revelation—it is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Let them know that God will not be mocked, that he is a holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity, that he requires the whole man and the early man.—bid them make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work.—Oh! that they were wise, that they would consider this, and not with me, with wretched me, delay until their latter end! Pray, dear Sir, continually pray,

For your poor friend,  
ROCHESTER.

*Ranger's Lodge, in Woodstock Park, July, 1600.*

#### A N E C D O T E

*Of Lord TOWNSHEND.*

LORD Harcourt, the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, arriving late in the evening in Dublin harbour, and meeting no fit accommodation for him and his suite at his landing place, set off, after refreshing themselves, for the Castle, where they did not arrive till midnight. Lord Townshend, who only staid in Ireland to receive him, was, at this period, with half a dozen convivial friends, over a bottle, which Lord Harcourt being informed of, without any ceremony walked up stairs. His sudden appearance threw the whole company into some little confusion, except Lord Townshend, who, after congratulating him on his safe arrival, bid him sit down and do as he did; observing, at the same time, "that though he did come at the twelfth hour, he had not found him napping."

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*Account of a little Piece, called NEW BROOMS! performed at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.*

THE business of this prelude is thus discovered—The curtain rises, and discovers the front of Drury-lane theatre, with a crowd of persons hastening to see the play. Among others, Mrs. Dripping, her husband, and child, from Candlewick ward: the lady, like the rest of her rank, is in a pucker for fear they should be disappointed of the first row of the two-shilling gallery, and therefore, as soon as she has settled the disorder of the young lady's frock and hair, hurries into the theatre. They are succeeded by an honest tar and his doxy. The sailor tells Moll that they are now along-side the Royal Drury; that the ship has lost her old gallant commander Little Davy; that the post of captain is divided among a number of new officers, and that the vessel may be compared to an egg, of which the old captain has got the meat, and left his successors to put to sea in the egg-shell; the sailor wishes the new crew fair wind and weather, but professes his partiality for the old commander, and goes off, roaring out, "Davy for ever! Davy for ever!" To this couple succeed Farmer Furrow and his spouse. The good woman asks her husband, if they shall see their old acquaintances among the actors, the young gentleman who in the summer played Hamlet in the barn at the end of their town, and the lady who figured away in Ophelia. The farmer, in reply, tells her, that a player's consequence depends much on time and place, and that when there is an r in the month, those mouths are almost entirely shut, both in the theatre and the senate, which have, during the course of the summer, made a noise in country barns, inns, and alehouses, after a theatrical concert,

and at a county meeting; that, in all probability, they'd now see their old friend Romeo snuff the candles, Juliet sweep the stage, and Alexander shift the scenes. As soon as Mrs. Furrow is satisfied as to her questions, Catcall seeing Phelim about to enter the theatre, calls him, and joins in a conversation, in which Phelim declares his intention of commencing actor, observing, that "there's room for *Janus*, now *Roscus* has quitted the scene; but, that before, the little great man filled the stage so entirely, that, faith, there was hardly room for any other actor." Catcall objects to his brogue and his age. Phelim replies, "Arrah don't you know that there's nobody *spakes* better English than an Irishman, except indeed it be a Scotchman; and then as to age, don't we daily see the old actors play all the new parts."—Catcall represents the impediments to his success likely to arise from the late revolution in stage affairs; laments that Nature and *Roscus* are gone together, and fears that now we shall have nothing but music and dance, pageantry and pantomime. Phelim, like a true Irishman, sticks to his design, and reads a few lines from Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*, and flatters himself he shall shew the town the difference, now *Roscus* is away. Catcall seeing his friend obstinate, informs him of his own importance, derived from holding a critical pen; points out to him some of his abilities as a theatrical observer, promises him his assistance both before and behind the curtain, and retires with Phelim, in order to introduce him to his friend Mr. Crotchet, the new manager.

The scene now changes to an apartment, in which Crotchet is discovered at his piano forte, with Miss Quaver, practising a song, intended for his new opera. As soon as the young lady has sung her air, Phelim and Catcall enter, and the latter informs

Crotchet

Crotchet of his friend's intention. The musical Bayes smiles at the Irishman's design, and tells him that plays and playing are now no more, that music alone will suit the taste of the present age; as a proof of this he instances the immense sums gained last season at one of our theatres, merely by the two old airs "The Highland Laddie and Gramochree Molly," and asks the Irishman if he can sing, as in that case he'd write him a character in his new Opera. Phelim laughs heartily at the thought of an Irishman in an Opera; but as a specimen of his vocal abilities, roars out a Teague's song. Crotchet then descants on the pleasing effect of speaking in recitative, and the agreeable circumstance of warbling out the most trifling occurrence in an air; tells Catcall he has the finest *unnatural* idea for an Opera that can possibly be conceived; and after some prefatory conversation, informs him that his new Opera is to be called *Topsy Turvey*, and is to be the very reverse of nature; the women characters to be predominant, and the men all effeminacy and submission. The arrival of Sir Dulcimer Dunder is now announced; Crotchet informs Catcall that Sir Dulcimer, though deaf as a post, is a great admirer of music; the Irishman says, "A deaf man a judge of music! by my soul it is a pity he is not blind, for then he might be a connoisseur in pictures! Sir Dulcimer enters, and after pulling out a tin ear-pipe, has some laughable conversation with Phelim on his defective sense; upon his declaring that, though he is totally deaf to common noises, he they ever so violent, yet he hears most distinctly the smallest note in music, Phelim advises him always to sit with a barrel of music before him, to lodge in an organ-loft, and sleep in a bass viol."

Sir Dulcimer asks if Miss Quaver is perfect in the air of his composi-

tion. Crotchet replies in the affirmative, and desires the lady to sing it. She objects, on account of the horridness of the tune, but says the words will do well enough to another, and as Sir Dulcimer is quite deaf, she will sing it to that. Sir Dulcimer appears to be in raptures while she is singing, and desires them to play some parts more *forte* and some more *piano*. One of the music tells him it was not his tune. This is obliged to be twice roared out to him, before he can comprehend it: when he does understand what is said, he flies into a violent passion, and leaves the room. A conversation ensues upon the necessity of dance and song, when Sprightly replies, that song and dance will sometimes make part of the entertainment, but that the theatre will ever be regulated by good sense, taste, and the approbation of the town.

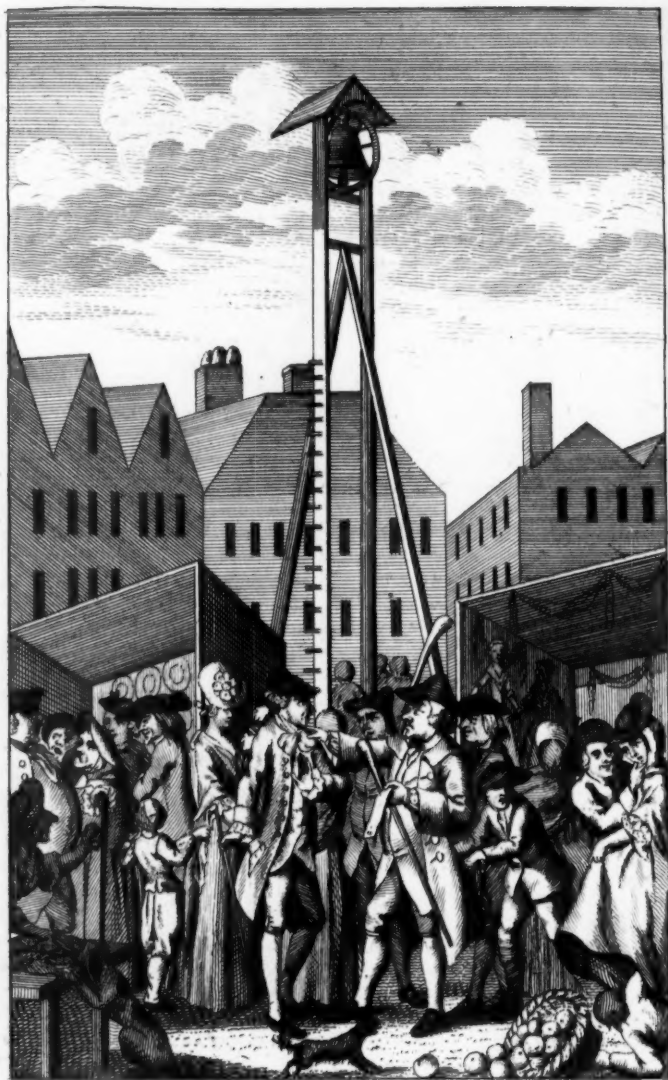
As a proof of the managers inclination to encourage young authors, Sprightly declares they have already received a comedy of his writing, and that he has prepared a prologue for the opening of the Theatre, which he'll then speak, if they'll be kind enough to suppose the audience present.

The Prelude closes with the Prologue, which is not only exceedingly laughable, but peculiarly apposite to the occasion.—After some few complimentary remarks on the secession of Roscius, the Theatre is compared to a stage coach, driven by a new coachman, who has purchased the machine, and promises every possible accommodation to his customers, although he laments, that like his other brethren of the road, he can't ensure their watches and their purses.

The words of one of the airs is an alteration from Sir John Suckling. The music Piccini's. The music of another is the composition of Mr. Linly, and does that master great credit.

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*A Sketch in Bartholomen Fair.*

*A short description of Carlisle Castle.  
(with a Copper-plate annexed.)*

**C**ARLISLE Castle, an engraved View of which is annexed, if not founded by the Romans, is very probably as ancient as the year 686, when king Egfrid rebuilt the city. But it is as probable that it was again destroyed, with the greatest part of the city, by the Danes and Norwegians, and laid in ruins for two hundred years. For king William Rufus is said to have repaired the Castle, as well as the walls and houses of this city, in his return from the Scotch wars. The annotator upon Camden says, it is certain the Castle was built by king William Rufus; which might indeed properly enough be said, considering the ruinous state whetein it was before. Mr. Camden himself infers from the arms, that it was built by King Richard III. but it is more probable that he did (if he did any thing) only repair it, as might also queen Elizabeth, whose arms are put up in another part. It is now made use of as a mansion house for the Governor of the Castle for the time being.

*Short Account of the Reign of Henry the Eighth.*

**H**ENRY VIII. king of England, was born June 28, 1491, and succeeded his father, Henry VII. in 1509. He joined the emperor Maximilian against the French, and defeated them at the battle of the Spurs, in 1513, and took Terouane and Tournay. At his return to England, he marched against the Scots, and defeated them at Flodden Field, in which James IV. king of Scotland was slain. In 1514, Henry VIII. concluded a peace with Lewis XII. and gave him his sister in marriage. He wrote against Luther, on which account pope Leo X. gave him the title of Defender of the Faith. A war breaking out between the emperor Charles V. and the French

[*Month Misj.*]

king Francis I. Henry at first took the part of the emperor, but afterwards, at the solicitation of Cardinal Wolsey, contracted a strict friendship with Francis, and in 1528, laboured to procure the deliverance of pope Clement VII. By the assistance of Wolsey, he, in 1533, divorced Catharine of Arragon, and married Anne Bullen, on which he was excommunicated by the pope. Henry enraged at this excommunication, abolished the papal authority in England; refused to pay to the see of Rome his annual tribute, ordered the dissolution of monasteries, and obliged the clergy to acknowledge him head of the church, and those who refused were either banished or put to death; among these last were the learned Sir Thomas Moore, lord chancellor of England, and Bishop Filmer; the reformation thus begun in this kingdom, was completed under the reign of Elizabeth. Some time after being charmed with the beauty of Jane Seymour, he caused Anne Bullen to be beheaded; but Jane dying in child-bed of Prince Edward, he married Anne of Cleves, whom he afterwards divorced. He then married Catherine Howard, the duke of Norfolk's daughter, whom he caused to be beheaded, under the pretence that he had not found her a virgin; but his real motive was that of having conceived a violent passion for Catherine Parr, a young widow of great beauty. A war breaking out between him and the Scots, who were assisted by the French, Henry, in 1545, took Boulogne from the French, and burned Leith and Edinburgh. He erected six new bishopricks, viz. Westminster, Oxford, Peterborough, Bristol, Chester, and Gloucester, all which, except Westminster, are still episcopal sees; he united Wales to England; and died in 1547, aged 57, after a reign of 38 years, and was succeeded by his son Edward VI.

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## THE TON.

## LADY BARRYMORE.

Since Male and Female envy seem to have shot all their pointleſs darts at the woman of faſhion now before us, let us take a candid view of this fair phenomenon, and judge for ourſelves, whether ſhe is moſt deſerving our cenſure or our praiſe.

Deſcended from the houſe of Harrington, vivacity, and perſonal accompliſhments we ſhould expect her to inherit;—the former, her own good underſtanding ſoon poliſhed into refined wit, correſponding with thoſe peculiar beauties which nature had lavished on her face and figure. Early in life, it was her fate to eſpouſe the earl of Barrymore, her now deceaſed lord; a match in which affection was, on both ſides, the ruling object.—Doom'd, however, ſoon after to be the witneſs of his faſhionable exceſſes, it is no wonder if, with her gaité de cœur, ſhe for ſome time partook of them without reflection, and was thus betrayed into levities, which, tho' innocent in themſelves, could not fail to provoke the venom'd tongue of ſlander.—But her underſtanding encreaſing with her years, ſhe ſoon ſaw and lamented the folly of a conduct, which now threatened them with inevitable ruin:—She remonſtrated upon her Lord's imprudencies with all that delicacy of addreſs, which ſhe knew was due to the man of her heart, but had the miſfortune to find every remonſtrance in vain.—His lordſhip's deceaſe, however, though it exceedingly affected her, reſcued her ſoon after from the calamities that had long threatened them, leaving her a young and beautiful widow with three children, and a jointure of 4000l. a year.

From this moment, let the world look freely on her conduct—nay, let the buſy eye of cenſure examine it

with her microſcopic inſpection, and diſcover if ſhe is able, a ſingle *trait* that can diſgrace the female, or the woman of faſhion.—In the tender office of mother, point out you that are able, the female in any claſs of life by whom ſhe is excelled. If paying an unwearied attention to the education of her beauteous offspring, “In teaching the young idea how to ſhoot:”—if this beſpeak the affectionate parent, behold her here!—Though charity ſeems expelled from the catalogue of modern virtues, it cannot diſgrace her ladyſhip, in the minds of ſome, to be known, that ſhe pities and relieves diſtreſs in every ſituation in her power, and is never ſo truly happy herſelf, as when ſhe diſpenſes happineſs to the indigent and neceſſitous round her.

Left in the very ſpring of all her perſonal charms, with a fortune that is deemed by the ſpendthrifts of the age, no unpleaſing appendage—is it a wonder that ſuch a flower ſhould daily be ſurrounded by the fluttering tribe of the *ton*, who by every art and ſtratagem endeavour to poſſeſs themſelves of her perſon and fortune? Hitherto, however, her prudence has rejected all their matrimonial ſolicitations.—Interested lovers are often transformed by a repulſe into the moſt inveterate enemies; and therefore we are not ſurprized to find, conſidering the depravity of the times, that theſe diſcarded wretches have been wanton enough to give hints of favours which they only dreamt of, baſely to gratify a deſpicable vanity, at the expence of an innocent and amiable female character.—

The generous and ſenſible part of the female ſex, I am convinced, will rather make the ſweetneſs of this lady's mind and manners the object of their emulation, than invidiouſly decry the divine model of beauty and perfection, becauſe it is found in the perſon of—Lady Barrymore.

ADDITIO:

ADDITIONS to the WORKS of ALEXANDER POPE; together with many original Poems and Letters of cotemporary Writers never before published.

MANY of the letters and poems, of which this publication consists, (says the Editor) were transcribed with accuracy from the originals in the collections of the late Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, who are well known to have lived in the strictest intimacy with Mr. Pope, as well as his literary friends and associates. Some of the letters were taken from pamphlets printed several years ago, which in the detached manner they had then appeared, justify their present mode of publication. The following pieces, are selected from these Additions :

LETTER by MR. POPE. TO A LADY.

Madam, Twittenham, Oct. 28.

WE are indebted to Heaven for all things, and above all for our sense and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourself indebted to any thing else, moves my anger at your modesty. The regard I must bear you, seriously proceeds from myself alone; and I will not suffer even one I like so much as Mrs. H. to have a share in causing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *soul's* side, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that stands much in the way of friendship, when it is between different sexes) I shall hope to find you a true and constant kinswoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretensions upon that poetical foot, much less confine them to it; I am far more desirous to be admitted as yours, on the more meritorious title of friendship. I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures were the most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity, the most distinguished in morality: and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but I know you neither need them, nor can like them: be so good as to think I do not. In one word your writings are very good, and very entertaining; but not so good, nor so entertaining, as your life and conversation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other, it will always

be a greater pleasure to me to know you are well, than that you write well, though every time you tell me the one, I must know the other. I am willing to spare your modesty; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never say more (directly to yourself) than the few verses I send here; which (as a proof of my own modesty too) I made so long ago as the day you sat for your picture, and yet never till now durst confess to you.

Tho' brightly Sappho force our love and  
praise,  
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,  
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays,  
So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the  
light,  
All mild appears the moon's more sober  
light,  
Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines;  
And, unobserv'd the glaring sun declines.

The brightest wit in the world, without the better qualities of the heart, must meet with this fate; and tends only to endear such a character as I take yours to be. In the better discovery, and fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion I shall grow more and more happy, the longer I live your acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in so much pleasure) your faithful friend and most obliged servant,

A. POPE.

Sir Charles Hanbury to Sir Hans Slane, who saved his Life, and desired him to send over all the Rarities he could find in his Travels.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,  
To bless by turns, and plague my wife,  
In conscience I'm oblig'd to do  
Whatever is enjoined by you.  
According then to your command,  
That I should search the western land  
For curious things of every kind,  
And send you all that I shall find,  
I've ravag'd air, earth, seas and caverns,  
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns  
And greater rarities can shew  
Then Gresham's children ever knew,  
Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,  
Next time his waggon comes to town.  
First, I've three drops of that same shower  
Which Jove in Danaë's lap did pour;  
From Carthage brought, the sword I'll  
send;  
Which brought Queen Dido to her end;  
The stone whereby Goliath dy'd,  
Which cures the head-ach well apply'd;  
The snake-skin, which you may believe  
The devil cast who tempted Eve;

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A fig leaf apron—it's the same  
That Adam wore to hide his shame,  
But now wants darning; I've beside,  
The blow by which poor Abel dy'd;  
A whetstone worn exceeding small,  
Time us'd to wet his scythe withal;  
The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent  
To tell him where the waters went.  
A ring I've got of Sampson's hair;  
The same which Dalilah did wear;  
Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shews,  
Did pinch the Devil by the nose;  
The very shaft, as all may see,  
Which Cupid shot at Antony;  
And, which above the rest I prize,  
A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;  
Some strains of eloquence which hung  
In Roman times on Tully's tongue,  
Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,  
Till———found them out again.  
Then I've, most curious to be seen,  
A scorpion's bite to cure the spleen:  
A goad that rightly us'd will prove  
A certain remedy to love:  
As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,  
I've pills cures maggots in the head:  
With the receipt too how to take 'em.

I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,  
Found in the bottom of a mine;  
A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,  
Fit for a judge himself to wear.  
I've a choice nostrum fit to make  
An oath a catholic will take  
In a thumb vial you shall see,  
Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,  
Which after searching kingdoms round,  
At last were in a cottage found.  
An antidote, if such there be,  
Against the charms of flattery.  
I ha'n't collected any rare,  
Of that there's plenty ev'ry where;  
But after wond'rous labours spent,  
I've got one grain of rich content.  
This my wish—it is my glory—  
To furnish your nicknackatory;  
I only beg that when you shew 'em,  
You'll tell your friends to whom you owe  
'em;

Which may your other patients teach  
To know, as has done yours, C. H.

*Butler's Complaint against his pretended Mo-  
nument in Westminster-abbey.*

*Posta loquax.*

AGAIN my garret-paverty is shown,  
By the mean cov'ring of this Portland stone;  
I lose my fame as martyrs lose their breath,  
For like Saint Stephen I am ston'd to death.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montague.\*

By Mr. Pope.

IN beauty, or wit,  
No mortal as yet  
To question your empire has dar'd;  
But men of discerning  
Have thought that in learning,  
To yield to a lady was hard.  
Impertinent schools,  
With musty dull rules,  
Have reading to females deny'd:  
So papists refuse  
The Bible to use,  
Left flocks shou'd be wise as their guide.  
'Twas a woman at first,  
(Indeed she was curst)  
In knowledge that tasted delight,  
And sages agree  
The laws shou'd decree  
To the first of possessors the right.  
Then bravely fair dame,  
Refuse the old claim,  
Which to your whole sex does belong;  
And let men receive,  
From a second bright Eve,  
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.  
But if the first Eve,  
Hard doom did receive,  
When only one apple had she,  
What a punishment new  
Shall be found out for you,  
Who tasting have rob'd the whole tree?

Written in Mr. Gay's Works. Presented  
to a Lady in very splendid Binding.

To the Book.

SILLIER than Gildon could'st thou be,  
Nay, did James Baker breathe in thee,  
She'll keep thee, book, I'll lay my head—  
What! throw away a fool in red?  
No: trust the sex's sacred rule,  
The gaudy dress will save the fool.

\* This Panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirised him in her Verses to the Imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first Sat. of the second book of Horace.

"From furious Sappho, scarce a milder  
fate,  
"P——'d by her love, or libell'd by her  
hate."

FLOWERS

# FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

## A SONNET.

To M T R A.

I.  
O H Cruel ! yet too lovely maid !  
Can nought your pity move ?  
Are all my vows with scorn repaid,  
And slighted all, my Love ?

II.  
Is now my constancy forgot ;  
Whole years of anxious care ?  
When every rising wish and thought  
Proclaim'd you sov'reign there.

III.  
In vain to me the changeful year  
Its various scenes display ;  
Where Myra render'd each more dear,  
And brighter made the day.

IV.  
Lovely no more the blushing rose,  
And each fair flow'r appear ;  
While heart-felt sighs, and soft repose,  
Make Winter all the year.

V.  
To me the landscapes rise in vain,  
The tuneful warblers sing ;  
For Myra blights, with proud disdain,  
The blossoms of my spring:

VI.  
Relent, sweet maid, 'ere clouds of grief  
Bring on the dreary night ;  
Thy cheering presence brings relief,  
And makes each prospect bright.

VII.  
Do then, with kind, benignant rays,  
The barren waste improve ;  
And by your smiles make all my days  
Blyth Summer, by your love.

D A M O N.

LINES addressed to Miss R ———

MY head wild with rhyme, and with  
passion my heart,  
As a tribute long due, I remit you a part :  
Too poor is the verse as a gift to bestow,  
And the heart, my dear Betty, was thine  
long ago :

But what is it worth ? the fair Monitor  
cries——

“ There, blossom of beauty, thy dear image  
lies.”

And the casket has value, an Hermit wou'd  
swear,  
Which treasures a jewel so precious !—so  
rare !

“ ---O ! drop the sophistical reas'ning of  
schools !

“ With Nature to guide thee, leave logic  
to fools !”

—I bow to thy mandate !—I quit the dis-  
guise !——

The heart's tender sensitives view in my  
eyes !

When mute I approach thee, 'tis love chains  
my tongue,

The river is silent—the stream brawls along :  
O ! cheer me with smiles ! and while smiles  
fiercely move

My pulses to rapture !——my senses to  
love !

On a tide of soft pleasures, entranc'd let  
me lie !

Thy voice o'er my soul breathe the music of  
joy !

And while my fond ear the sweet melody  
sips,

An earnest of Heaven—bestow from thy lips !

## The COMPARISON.

F LORINDA, fond our hearts to move,  
Forth all at once displays her charms :  
'Tis at first sight she gains your love,  
Or not the least her beauty harms.  
Far nobler arts *Amelia* tries,  
Nor of such conquests would she boast ;  
She knows, what's taken by surprise,  
May by the next surprise be lost.

She, with a softer, easier Grace,  
Kindles at first a gentle Fire :  
Think of her Mind, or view her Face,  
And you perceive it blazing higher.

*Florinda's* but a single feast ;  
*Amelia's* form'd thro' life to please ;  
At ev'ry meal she mends—at least—  
Who would not chuse the last of these ?

P R O.

## PROLOGUE to the CAPUCHIN.

Written by *George Colman, Esq;*And spoken by *Mr. Foote.*

**C**RITICS, when'er I write, in every scene,

Discover meanings that I never mean;

What ever character I bring to view,

I am the father of the child 'tis true,

But every babe his christening owes to you.

\* The comic poet's eye, with humorous air,

Glancing from Watling-street to Groves-nor-square,

He bodies forth a light ideal train,

And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain

Meas while your fancy takes more partial aim,

And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down

To try his fortune in a country town;

The waggon loaded with his goods, convey'd

To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade.

Originals and copies—ready made.

To the new painter all the country came,

Lord, Lady, Doctor, Lawyer, Squire, and Dame,

The humble Curate, and the Curate's wife,

All ask'd a likeness taken from the life.

Behold the canvas on the easel stand!

A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his hand:

But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,

Nor by what curious art of rules he drew.

The waggon-load unpack'd his ancient store,

Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,

God, Dame, or Hero—of the days of yore.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration,  
Were turn'd into the Mayor and corporation:

To represent the Rector, and the Dean,  
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:

The Ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces

From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces,

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,

His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame.

The country Men of taste admire and stare,

"My Lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!

Miss Dimple's languish too! extremely like!

And in the stile and manner of Vandyke!

Oh! this new limner's pictures always strike.

Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big, or little;

The very man or woman to a tittle!"

Foote and this limner in some points agree,

And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by me.

When by the royal licence and protection,

I shew my small academy's collection.

The Connoisseur takes out his glass to pry

Into each picture with a curious eye;

Turns topsyturvy my whole composition,

And makes meer portraits all my exhibition.

From various forms Apelles Venus drew,

So from the million do I copy you.

But still the copy's so exact, you say;

Alas the same thing happens every day!

How many a modish well-dress'd Fop you meet,

Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street!

In Yorkshire warehouse, and in Cranbourn-alley,

'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!

As honest Crispin understands his trade,

On the true human scale his lasts are made,

The measure of each sex and age to hit,

And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.

My warehouse thus for nature's walks supplies

Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of every size.

Sit still, and try them, Sir; I long to please ye;

How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:

If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it,

But if well made—I wish you health to wear it.

## A CHARACTER.

**W**HEN bodkin breaks loose

From his shop-board and goose,

And the drums loud alarm bids him march;

Not a doll is more neat,

From her head to her feet;

Not a mercer more trim, or more starch.

Not a soldier more bold,

(As a story has told)

When storming a dunghill or mount.

In short, to proceed,

Wou'd be tedious indeed,

His actions and feats to recount!

'Did the K— but once know

This terrible foe,

To France and Rebellion, in form,

He wou'd dub him a Knight,

And send him off straight,

American castles to storm.

Pray say a good word,

For this son of the sword,

Now honour and arms call us forth;

Lord George can soon do't,

If he'll please to look to't;

But I wish you wou'd speak to L—N—



## PROLOGUE:

*Written by the Rev. Joseph Hazard.*

AS some poor candidate for vacant place,  
With study'd words and looks, sol-  
licits grace,

So I, — \* for this small humble bo-  
rough here,  
With trembling accents, and with de-  
cent fear,

Fain would their representative appear.  
Hard is the fortune of a strolling play'r,  
Necessity's rough burden doom'd to bear;  
And scanty is the pittance he can earn,  
Wand'ring from town to town, from barn  
to barn.

This might content us, but the contrast  
great,

Adds to the terror of our changeful fate.  
He, *who to-night* is seated on his throne,  
Call subjects, kingdoms, empires all his  
own;

Who wears the diadem and regal robe,  
Next morning shall awake—as poor as *Job*!

“Where are my forty knights?” cries  
frantic Lear;

A Page replies,—“Your Majesty, they're  
here,”

When, lo!—*two bailiffs and a writ*—ap-  
pear!

“Give me a pound of flesh,” cries Shylock,  
—well he may,

For Shylock—*has not eat an ounce to-day*!  
Young Harry shall his father's *crown* pur-  
loin,

And only weep—it is not *current* coin!  
“Where is my Romeo?”—Juliet cries:—  
in bed,

*Without his shirt*—replies the laundry maid.  
On the cold ground, shall poor Caiatlio lay,  
Not till the curtain drops—*but break of day*!

“Where is my horse?” cries Richard—  
in the stable;

“Then lead him forth;”—My Liege, I  
am not able.

“Villain, thou diest!”—My Lord, he can't  
be led,

The hungry steed—*batb eaten off his head*!  
Brave Pierre shall laugh upon the torturing  
wheel,

And so must we, whate'er we think or feel:  
Whate'er we feel, if here we chance to  
please,

Your smiles shall pour the healing balm of  
ease,

Trusting in this, no private ills we moan,  
But make that pleasure yon receive—our  
own.

\* Pointing behind the scenes.

## The SUPPLE JACK.

—— Parnassian Dames,  
You I invoke t'inspire my youthful lays,  
While I, in humble verse attempt to sing  
The Uses, Virtues, of my *Supple Jack*.

Oh! thou dear, useful plant, exotic; from  
Western climes imported; may'st thou  
long, long!

Continue thy master's aid, thy master's  
guard,

Alike 'gainst little noisy city curs,  
Or those more bold, intrepid far, in farm  
Yards ranging—stand thou firm, and faultier  
not.

In thy master's hand, when I thine infla-  
ence

Prove in curing the refractory, or  
Any faucy rascal that shall dare,  
By talk impertinent, to rouse my fury.  
Such are thy Uses.——

But were I even to attempt to sing  
Thy virtues, it would be high presumption.  
May thy convincing influence ever be  
The lot of rank impertinence; ever the lot  
Of fawning supple slaves, that bend the  
knee,

And cringe and flatter, to the pride of  
pow'r.

Could I, I would do justice to thy merits,  
But my weak muse fails in the great at-  
tempt.

The task requires an abler pen than mine;  
Such may'st thou find to make thy fame im-  
mortal,

And do thy honest service justice.

Gloucester, 1776.

JUVENIS.

## The IMPENETRABLE FAIR.

CUPID, a while suspend thy Bow;  
Thy quiver o'er thy Shoulders throw;  
Hear why Amelia scorns thy Dart,  
And from the Muse defends her Heart.

Her Eyes, the Seat of Heat and Light,  
Her sparkling Eyes, are Sapphire bright:  
Rubies, immensely rich compose  
Her Lips, that Shame the blushing Rose.

Those Hands are Alabaster fine,  
Which hold this captive Heart of mine:  
No Parian Marble may contest  
With that which forms her lovely Breast.

Her Heart assumes the Diamond's Name:—  
Within, without, she's all the same:  
As tho', to make a finish'd Piece,  
Sculpture had rais'd up Rome and Greece.

Wonder not then—a Nymph of Stobe  
Wichstands Thy Shafts, and flights my  
Moan:

Still thou may'st shoot, still I complain;  
Our Darts and Sighs are spent in vain!

## CUSTOM. A SATIRE.

**M**istaken world! considerate, how few!  
Byas'd by passions! something ye  
pursue.

On earth such mighty bus'ness ye prepare,  
Eternity ye think not worth you care.

Is happiness your aim? — mistaken still!

Mankind may all be happy, if they will?

Short-sighted judges! acting as ye guess,

And vanity pursue for happiness.

Instead of conscience—CUSTOM we  
obey,

That o'er our wills usurps tyrannic sway.

Custom for liberty is still mistook,

And virtue for the fashion is forsook.

Custom, what art thou but an empty name,

That checks our inclinations and our fame?

To reformation few the path pursue,

Custom's a law for every thing we do.

Th' excuse is so convenient on our side,

We safely err while custom is our guide.

Youth, when by ill communication sway'd

Into slight follies often are betray'd.

Taught by example, sin becomes a jest,

Till from one vice, they run thro' all the  
rest.

Virtue's a trick—religion there is none,  
Custom controuls them till they're quite un-  
done.

Observe authority, with look severe,

Insulting merit—only 'cause he dare.

Each tinsel'd coxcomb inwardly disdain

The man of science—because his suit is

plain:

Meer slaves to fashion, and extreams of

taste,

With hat compleatly cock'd and coat well  
lac'd;

Whether your qualities are good or ill,

They judge your merit by your taylor's bill:

Concluding, he to wit has no pretence,

Whose lasting serge was bought at small ex-  
pence.

Ye idle Fair, who spend the fleeting hours

In trifles, dressing, scandal, and amours;

Whose tempers to the fashion subject most,

Are for a fashionable trifle cost.

Who in your formal visits take delight,

Seem fond of one ye hate, to be polite.

Why is plain truth still deem'd impertinent,

And nauseous flattery a thing well meant?

Why do ye still the wealthy fool respect,

And treat the meritorious with neglect?

The perjured rake to make your sex his

friends,

Grows disobedient, and his God offends:

Abandon'd yields to ev'ry headstrong passion,  
And damns himself—because it is the fa-  
shion!

Then why is he, who swerves from custom's  
rule,

Without just reason deem'd a wilful fool?

Why do the uncorrupted still look on,

And calmly see life's bus'ness left undone?

Custom is all we have for an excuse,

Custom the cloak for ev'ry rank abuse!

Deluded age, confin'd in custom's chain,

Reflect—and soon your liberty regain;

That (once regain'd) this maxim will pro-  
tect,

Let each man act as conscience shall direct.

## STREPHON'S COMPLAINT.

**T**WAS when slow-rising Night had  
spread

Her sable Mantle o'er the Earth;

The Tulip clos'd his painted Head,

Waiting next Morn' a gayet birth:

No other Noise was heard while Strephon  
sung:

With Words like these his mournful Accents  
rang.

While, in Clarinda's Arms enclos'd,

Like more than Mortal Damon lies;

While, on her snowy Breasts repos'd,

In softly melting Raptures dies;

Ye Nymphs and Dryads hear a Youth com-  
plain,

Who long Clarinda lov'd, but lov'd in  
vain!

Kindly at first she seem'd to bend,

And long return'd me Sigh for Sigh;

Chose out the Day my pains to end,

And the too slothful Day drew nigh.

I to my wishes gave their utmost Flight:

Sure to enjoy them all th' approaching  
night.

Damon appear'd a Week before,

And with rich Presents sooth'd her Pride;

Told her what Wealth he had in Store:

She play'd the Woman, and comply'd.

Then curs'd be all the Sex! Tho' my fond  
Heart

Could with Clarinda of that Sex no Part.

Beneath a gloomy willow Shade,

Hard by a murm'ring River's Side,

Thus his Complaint young Strephon made,

Till all along the Banks, and thro' the  
Glade,

Echo his last, his parting Sigh convey'd.



## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*Constantinople, July 17:*

THE Porte has deposed Spanachgee Zadee, Pacha of Bagdat, (with whose conduct the inhabitants were extremely dissatisfied) and has substituted in his room Abdullah, the Cheaia of the late Omar Pacha.

*Vienna, August 10.* Fresh advices daily crown all the laudable undertakings of the Empress Queen in her Bohemian demesnes. Every true friend to his country rejoices at the prospect of reviving happiness; and the aged subjects give thanks to Providence that suffered them to live to an epocha, when the universal rights of mankind, so long trampled under foot, have been given back to them. The Empress entirely patronizes this humane attempt to rescue a numerous people from the bondage of ignorance attendant upon slavery, and has rewarded her faithful servant Counsellor Von Raab, who has been the chief agent in the act of abolition of villainage, by appointing him Director General of all her Bohemian demesnes. Thus the name of THERESA shall become sacred to posterity; the heroine may be forgotten, but the benefactress of the human race remains eternally graven in their memories!

*Warsaw, August 28.* The opening of the general diet of this kingdom took place the day before yesterday, with the usual ceremony. The King, followed by all the members of the senate, his ministers, the nuncios, and a vast number of persons of distinction, went to hear divine service at the cathedral, and then returned to the castle. The two marshals then caused the nuncios to enter, as their names were read by the secretary of the confederacy and diet, and as they were placed at the bottom of the act of confederacy. After the entry of the nuncios, the King, accompanied by the senators and ministers, went to the same hall and ascended the throne, which done, the marshals opened the sitting with analogous speeches, and they then proceeded to the appointment of deputies to put in order the constitutions; after which the sitting was adjourned till next day. Although the sittings were held with the doors shut, it is

[Monthly Miscellany.]

known that they yesterday read the regulation for the confederacy."

*Paris, August 21.* An unhappy affair has happened to M. le Count de V. Knight of the Order of Malta. In 1772 the Count became acquainted with a young man of a noble, but reduced family, whom he appointed his Secretary; he also got him admitted into the Gens d'Armes, and sent him afterwards to one of his estates in the Bourbonnois. Nov. 25, 1774, the young gentleman heated himself with sliding on the ice, and the same evening covered his legs with snow, to cure, as he said, his chilblains; he afterwards went to bed, seemingly in health, but was found dead the next day. At the end of ten months the Count's enemies remitted libels to the Attorney General, accusing him of having killed, or caused to be killed, this young man, to avoid the payment of 20,000 livres. In consequence of this, informations have been taken, and the body has been dug up, and examined by surgeons. This affair remains undecided, but the reputation, probity, and goodness of heart of the Count, entirely clear him from the charge.

*Dunkirk, August 27.* An advertisement has been published here by the Board of Admiralty, giving notice of two buoys to be floated on the 1st day of October next, over some dangerous shallows and banks, as a warning to vessels sailing into the road of Dunkirk through the East channel; of which the following is a translation.

"In consideration of the advantage which the navigation has reaped from the four buoys placed to the West of the road of Dunkirk, according to the general informations given in 1774, which gave notice, that navigators in entering the road through the West passage, would meet with a first black buoy placed on the East point of the bank called the Geere, at the entrance of the road, which they are to leave on the starboard side.

"A second, likewise black, at the point of the bank named Snau or Splinter, opposite to the Great Mardick, which they are also to leave on the starboard side.

H h b

" A

"A third, white, at the West point of the Bank Brack, which they are to leave on the larboard side.

"And a fourth, black, at the point of the Plateau of Mardick, that is to say, at the most advanced point of the strand opposite the channel of Mardick, which they are to leave on the starboard side.

"Navigators will therefore observe, that the three black buoys above-mentioned are on the land side, and the white one in the offing."

It has been resolved by the officers of the Admiralty established for Flanders at Dunkirk aforesaid, with the advice of the deputies of the pilotage, to order two more buoys to be laid at the East passage, to point out its entrance.

"Vessels coming from the North, and intending to enter by the East passage, will find on the North point of the bank, named Trapegeer, or Cams Bank, a black buoy, which they are to leave on the larboard side.

"And on the East point of the bank named d'Helst, which is a continuation of the bank Brack, a white buoy, which they are to leave on the starboard side.

"These two last mentioned buoys will be laid in manner above set forth, on the 1st day of October, 1776."

#### AMERICAN NEWS.

*From the VIRGINIA GAZETTE, August 3.*

*New-York, July 15.* Yesterday Lord Howe sent up a flag, with the Captain and Lieutenant of the Eagle man of war. The Adjutant-General met them, after some little ceremony, but as the letter was directed for George Washington, Esq. he could not receive it; the officers insisted much on his receiving it, saying it was of a civil nature, his Lordship being invested with unlimited powers, and was sorry he had not arrived a few days sooner. This morning we have accounts that the ships, &c. which passed the town, are 50 miles up, opposite to Tary Town, where the river is four miles wide, and they may be safe.

On Tuesday another flag from the fleet appeared, and was met as before, when a letter was again offered, but for the same reason as the former, rejected.

*PHILADELPHIA. In Congress, July 19.*

*Resolved,* That General Washington, in refusing to receive a letter said to be sent from Lord Howe, addressed to George Washington, Esq. acted with a dignity becoming his station, and therefore this Congress do highly approve the same, and do direct that no letter or message be received, on any occa-

sion whatever, from the enemy, by the Commander in Chief, or other the Commanders of the American army, but such as shall be directed to them in the characters they respectively sustain.

By order of the Congress,

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

*Williamsburgh, July 5.* Yesterday the General Convention of this colony, after passing the following ordinances, adjourned themselves to the first Monday in October next.

*Declaration of rights.*

Plan of government for this country.

An ordinance for making farther provision for the defence and protection of this colony.

An ordinance for erecting salt-works in this colony, and for encouraging the making of salt.

An ordinance for establishing a board of commissioners, to superintend and direct the naval affairs of this colony.

An ordinance for augmenting the ninth regiment of regular forces, providing for the better defence of this colony, and for raising six troops of horse.

An ordinance to supply certain defects in a former ordinance of this Convention for raising six troops of horse.

An ordinance to amend an ordinance, entitled, An ordinance for establishing a mode of punishment for the enemies of America in this colony.

An ordinance to amend an ordinance, entitled, An ordinance for establishing a mode of making tobacco payments during the discontinuance of the inspection law, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

An ordinance to enable the present magistrates and officers to continue the administration of justice, and for settling the general mode of proceedings in criminal and other cases, till the same can be more amply provided for.

An ordinance to amend an ordinance, entitled, An ordinance to provide for paying the expences of the Delegates from this Colony to the General Congress.

An ordinance to arrange the counties in districts for electing senators, and to ascertain their wages.

An ordinance prescribing the oaths of office to be taken by the Governor and Privy Council, and other officers of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

An ordinance for amending an ordinance, entitled, An ordinance for raising and embodying a sufficient force for the defence and protection of this colony, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

An ordinance making it felony to counter-

feit

felt the continental paper currency, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

## I R E L A N D .

*Galway, August 15.* Monday two men, father and son, from Cappoughuse, in Cunnemarra, were brought in here under a guard, and committed to the county gaol, on a strong suspicion of their having murdered, some time since Christmas last, a man, whose dead body was accidentally discovered by a parcel of little boys, in a pool of water in that neighbourhood, where they found it, covered with a few sods of earth. The corpse was so greatly consumed, and the apparel thereon so much mangled and torn, that from those appearances the identity of the person could not be ascertained; but from circumstances which have since come to light, it appears that it was one O'Brien, a travelling dealer or pedlar, who sometimes travelled that country, and frequently lodged at the prisoner's dwelling. Two other persons, also suspected of being concerned in this horrid murder, were brought in here last night, and committed to the said gaol.

## S C O T L A N D .

*Edinburgh, August 30.* The great Mr. Hume was buried here yesterday. He had been ailing a long while, but never complained, nor was confined to his bed till a day or two before his death. He was sensible to the last, and has left an amiable character behind him for goodness and generosity. His brother is appointed heir by testament, but he has left some small legacies to several of his friends: To a servant 20*l.* per ann. to Dr. Smith 200*l.* to Dr. Ferguson 100*l.* or 200*l.* and 100*l.* to erect a monument to his memory, with an express prohibition not to put any thing on it but the day of his birth and the day of his death.

## C O U N T R Y N E W S .

*Reading, September 7.* Sunday morning last the following affair happened at Blowberry, in this county: A day-labourer having for some time past lived on disagreeable terms with his father and mother-in-law, took the resolution of destroying himself. It seems, after he had received his week's wages on Saturday night, he declared he had rather be shot than go home; however, he slept at home that night, and on the succeeding morning sent for two pennyworth of powder and shot, with the whole of which he charged a fowling-piece, and going into a field adjoining his house, shot himself through the heart, and expired immediately. He has left a widow and two children.

*August 31.* On Tuesday last Mrs. Pearson, a young woman very big with child, coming down from a ship, missed her hold, and fell into the Thames near St. Catharine's Stairs: She was under water full three minutes, and when taken up was to all appearance dead. She was immediately conveyed to Mr. Loustet's, the Black Boy and Trumpet, who very humanely received the body, as well as gave every other assistance with the greatest readiness. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Mr. Blount, of St. Catharine's, who attended, and used the means laid down by the humane Society; and in about half an hour a weak pulsation was perceived, and other symptoms of returning life gradually appeared; so that in about three hours she was so well recovered as to walk home with the assistance of her friends.

*September 2.* Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, a sailing-boat overset near Hungerford Stairs with five persons on board, two of whom were unfortunately drowned, and the other three were with much difficulty saved; one of them generously gave a person, who assisted him, five guineas, which was all the money he had about him.

A letter from Paris mentions, that a man who had lately escaped from the galleys was taken into custody there, charged with having committed a robbery and murder since his escape, for which he was broken on the wheel.

4. A correspondent is told that the bread made for the convicts who work on the Thames is a composition of coarse wheaten flour; the flour of barley and bran. Our correspondent does not aver this circumstance to be an absolute fact; but he wishes the young, the thoughtless, the extravagant, to reflect on the horrid disgrace attending the situation of any man whose crimes have reduced him to so degrading a situation that he is thought unworthy to eat such bread as a vagrant may beg at every door?

The behaviour of the convicts since they have been on board the lighters has been very becoming:—The clause in the act, which says, that the time for which they were sentenced to work may be shortened, on a representation of their good behaviour, has operated very powerfully.

A little time since a man was convicted for a transportable offence at the Old Bailey, and committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell for three years; but a few days since, being employed to paint the keeper's house, he dropped from a rope, and made his escape.

Saturday night Mrs. Stokes, who was tried at a late sessions at the Old Bailey, on a charge of having seven husbands, and acquitted,



quitted, was re-apprehended, and lodged in Wood-street Compter, on a charge of having married two other men since her enlargement.

*Extract of a Letter from the Hague, Aug. 30.*

"It is said that the States General having received information, that the English have again taken a Dutch vessel from St. Eustatia, under pretence of her being laden with ammunition, &c. for America, they immediately sent orders to the *Chargé d'Affairs* from the court of London, to make the necessary complaints to the British government on that subject, that the above-mentioned prize be given up; and it is reported that their High Mightinesses have requested Sir Joseph Yorke to use his endeavours, that the said vessel be returned, and the owners indemnified for the loss they have sustained by its detention."

6. Yesterday the Lord Mayor and several Aldermen went to Wimbledon Common, to see an experiment tried on a house built for that purpose, in which one floor was set on fire and stopped without burning any other part of the building; it fully answered their expectation, and is done by thin plates of iron being nailed to the joices in the room of lath and plaster, and is painted to represent a ceiling, of whatever colour the builder pleases. It is said it will not cost above three and a half per cent. more than the common method of ceiling houses.

On Saturday evening last, about eight o'clock, three fellows stopped and robbed Mr. Bull, brother to Mr. Alderman Bull, near Colebrook-row, Ilington, of his watch and money; but on his telling them the watch was of little value, and he had a regard for it, they returned it.

*Extract of a letter from Belfast, Aug. 28.*

"Yesterday that worthy and patriotic nobleman, Lord Camden, did the free and independent gentlemen of this town the honour to partake of a public dinner, which was prepared for the occasion at the Donteal Arms. After dinner many patriotic toasts were given. His Lordship, being but recently recovered from a severe fit of the gout, was obliged to retire early in the evening; previous to which he addressed the company in an elegant speech, expressive of his attachment to this kingdom, his approbation of their principles, and his thanks for the honour they paid him; to which a suitable reply was made (in the name of the whole) by the learned and sensible toast-master, Dr. Halliday."

7. On Tuesday night their Majesties took an airing about Beaconsfield, Woodburn Common, &c. and being informed that at the last mentioned place, a poor man with his wife and ten children laboured under the greatest

distress, they stopped there, and bountifully relieved them.

After the experiments were over on Wednesday last upon Wimbledon Common, for securing buildings from fire, the Lord Mayor laid the foundation stone of a pillar, with the following inscription upon it:

"The Right Honourable John Sawbridge, Esq; Lord Mayor of London, laid the foundation stone of this pillar 110 years after the fire of London, on the anniversary of that dreadful event, in memory of an invention for securing buildings against fire."

His Lordship, after his return to town, gave an elegant entertainment at the Mansion-house to the company, on the occasion.

The following is an exact description of the outside of St. Paul's clock:

The diameter of the dial plate 18 feet 10 inches.

The hour hand 5 feet 8 inches.

The minute hand 9 feet 8 inches.

The hour figures 2 feet 2 inches.

The minute figures 1 foot each.

The minute strokes 6 inches.

And the rim to the minutes 45 feet.

Yesterday, about one o'clock, as a gentleman crossed the road to the Asylum she was passed by a very handsome young fellow with a cockade in his hat, his eyes swelled with weeping, and muttering somewhat, nothing of which she could hear distinctly, but a repetition of *Lord!* His dejectedness gave her much concern. He had got but a little way into St. George's fields, and was about two yards before her, when she saw him take somewhat out of his pocket, and put it in his mouth; a pistol went off to her great fright, and the young fellow dropped instantly down on his back; and by some who immediately assembled, she heard he was quite motionless.

9. Last Thursday night two men set up a ladder against the bed-chamber window of Mrs. Watson, at Finchley; one of them went in, which greatly frightened the lady, and she cried out; when the fellow who stood upon the ladder called to his companion, and bid him cut her head off if she made a noise. They robbed her of sixteen guineas and her watch, descended the ladder, and made off. Mrs. Wilson was so much frightened, that she has been ill ever since.

Last Friday night, between eight and nine o'clock, as the Lord Mayor was coming from Staines in his post chaise and four, just on the other side Turnham-green, a highwayman, well mounted, stopped the footman, and examined if he had any fire arms, and with many imprecations threatened, if he made the least noise, he would blow his brains out; finding no fire arms about the servant, he

goe on to the Lord Mayor's gentleman, stopped and robbed him of three guineas and an half, and then stopped the chaise, called his Lordship many scandalous names, and swore, that if he did not immediately deliver, he was a dead man; upon which the Lord Mayor gave him his purse, containing four guineas and an half, and also his gold watch, with a gold chain, seals, &c. of great value. He afterwards, in sight of the Lord Mayor's servants, robbed a gentleman of his money and watch. It is said he is known by a person who was behind the Lord Mayor's chaise, and it is thought he will soon be taken.

Last Friday evening four footpads stopped a gentleman and his wife in a one-horse chaise near Islington, and robbed them of their money and watches in sight of a man, whom they threatened to cut to pieces if he did not walk on without taking any notice of them.

11. The public may be assured, from the most authentic letters, that even the friends of government in America give over the Colonies as for ever lost to Great Britain. A distinguished friend to administration, now in Carolina, writes thus:—"Government have been hasty where they should have procrastinated, and they have been tardy where alertness might have done something. I give up all for lost. Without an additional force of 60,000 men, the Colonies are gone for ever." It would be improper to mention the name of the gentleman: Let it suffice to say, that the letter is authentic, and the writer has been one of the warmest advocates for government in America.

A petition from Barbadoes came on Monday, setting forth the dangerous state of that island, if peace is not speedily made with North America; that they are destitute of provisions, owing to this war; and that they must be inevitably ruined in a short time, if not supplied.

Five tons of new halfpence have been shipped on board the Richmond frigate at Portsmouth, bound to America for the service of the army there.

We hear from Litchfield, that James Yates, found guilty and convicted at the last quarter sessions at that place for forgery, and who was to have been executed there on Friday last, got a dose of poison conveyed secretly to him in prison, with which he put an end to his existence on the morning preceding.

Tuesday morning an elderly woman, dressed in second mourning, dropped down in a fit near Mr. Dalmahoy's, on Ludgate-hill, and fractured her skull, by falling upon the edge of a kirb-stone, in such a manner that it is thought she cannot live. She was sent to St. Bartholomew's hospital. She had silver

buckles in her shoes, and plenty of money in her pocket.

12. On Monday, the 12th of August last, a truss of upwards of sixty yards of flannel, packed up in a coarse wrapper about two feet eight inches long, corded with a thick cord, and sent by Mr. Adams (an exchanger of the late gold coin under government) by the Ludlow and Leominster fly, directed to Mr. A. Bennett and Co. No. 27, Aldermanbury, London, was (between the consignment of the said truss to the coach at Ludlow, and the delivery thereof at Mr. Bennett's, Aldermanbury) opened and robbed of 1000 exchangeable guineas, and about 40 ounces of moiree, ports, and light gold.

Within these few days the following persons, who have been convicted and received judgment of death at the Old Bailey for highway robberies, burglaries, and other felonies, have received his Majesty's pardon on condition of leaving the kingdom, viz. William Jefferson, Emanuel Gowen, John Bennett, William Kerrison, William Evans, Richard Cole, John Proctor, John Davies, William Clarke, Charles Chapman, James Beaumont and Henry Jordan.

On Monday, at the Rotation Office in Litchfield-street, a woman near sixty years of age was put to the bar: Mr. Williamson being sworn, deposed, that on Sunday afternoon, as he was sitting in the parlour, at his house in Macclesfield-street, Soho, he heard several times the cries and groans of a child, but could not tell from whence they came, till looking out, he saw a girl of about seven years old hanging by her hands at a three pair of stairs window, on which he ran into the house in order to take her in, but before he could break open the chamber door, which was locked, she fell into a stone yard, but did not receive the least hurt: after she had been examined by a gentleman of the faculty, and recovered from the fright of the fall, she gave an account that her grandmother, the prisoner, and her mother, used to beat her in a most cruel manner with a large cord, and lock her up in a room for days together without a morsel of bread, so that her bones were ready to break through her skin, and almost mortified from head to foot by the stripes and kicks she had received from them; and being locked up on Sunday without any food, she, in order to escape, got out of the window. A constable was sent in order to apprehend the mother, whom he found with her throat cut from ear to ear; the child was sent to the Middlesex Hospital, and the grandmother committed for re-examination.

Orders are issued by the Lords of the Admiralty for immediately buying up 800 casks of beef, 300 barrels of pork, and a large quantity of pease and flour, for the use of his Majesty's navy.

16. On Friday three ruffians seized one of the principal evidences on the trial of one Davis for forgery, as he was going to Hicks's Hall, to prefer the bill, and carried him to a house in Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, where they locked him up in a back-room upwards of two hours, threatening to murder him if he made the least noise or disturbance; a post-chaise was brought to the door in order to take him off, but he found means to make his escape out of a back window, and ran as far as the house of James Hubbard, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, who sent his servant with him to Hicks's Hall, where the bill was soon found. The ruffians made their escape.

17. Last Friday night Mrs. Shield, of Swallow-street, Piccadilly, was stopped in Berkeley-square by a genteel young man, and robbed by him of a guinea and a half and two garnet rings. He trembled exceedingly during the robbery, and said absolute necessity forced him to the act.

Yesterday morning Edward George and Robert Harley were executed at Tyburn for the wilful murder of Joseph Pearson, a Custom-house Officer, near Deptford Turnpike; after they had hung the usual time, their bodies were taken down, and brought to Surgeons Hall for dissection.

18. On Sunday evening last, between eight and nine o'clock, one of the northern stages was stopped on Finchley Common by two highwaymen, one of whom was fired at by the guard with a large pistol loaded with several small balls, and is supposed to be mortally wounded, either in the left side or left shoulder, as he fell from his horse, which was found yesterday morning early.

19. Counterfeit guineas of the present year are now very current about town: They weigh full, and the difference is scarce perceptible, except the gold being redder, and the R on the reverse being scarce distinguishable.

Monday night about eleven o'clock four fellows, armed, entered the house of Mr. Gilchrist, at the Blue Last, Clapham-Common, (there being no other company in the house) when two stood guard over Mr. G. his wife and maid, while the others robbed the house of money, plate, and linen, to the value of £50.

The highwayman who was shot on Sunday evening on Finchley Common rode to some distance, and then dropped from his horse, which was secured. As he could not be found, he was supposed to be dead, and to have fallen into a ditch; but it afterwards appeared that he concealed himself during the search, and escaped. Some time after the transaction, a man called for a dram at the Wretters at Highgate, which he drank at the

door, and when he was gone a quantity of blood was discovered against the part of the house where he had leaned. Several suspicious places had been searched yesterday by virtue of warrants issued for that purpose without effect; but as an accurate detection is obtained of his person, it is not likely he will escape the vigilance of the officers employed to apprehend him.

At the general gaol delivery on Monday at Hicks's Hall, 85 prisoners were discharged from Clerkenwell Bridewell, and 39 from New Prison.

Tuesday the sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when Mr. Recorder passed sentence of death on 11 capital convicts; 34 were ordered to be sent on board the lighters for three years to raise gravel, sand, &c. and for cleansing the river Thames, amongst whom were 19 capital convicts, whose executions had been respited; 12 were branded, and ordered to be imprisoned in Newgate, five sent to the house of correction, 14 whipt, three branded and discharged, and 48 delivered on proclamation.

The session of the peace is adjourned until Friday the 20th inst. at Guildhall, and the session of gaol delivery until Wednesday the 16th of October next.

Wednesday night, about eight o'clock, a young gentleman, about twenty-six years of age, was found in Mount Row, Lambeth, lying on the ground, as was thought in a fit; but being carried to the castle, on examining his pockets a copy of a letter, without a name to it, was found, taking a last farewell of his father, as he should shortly be no more in this world; which gives reason to think that he has poisoned himself. He was not dead yesterday, but laid insensible.

Last night the house of Captain Gordon, of Brien's Row, Spaw Fields, was attempted to be broke open; but the Captain overhearing them, opened his window and fired at them, which wounded him, as the blood was traced this morning. Two more were seen to run away.

#### BANKRUPTS.

Bartholomew Conolly, of St. Martin's Lane, Charing-Cross, woollen-draper and man's mercer.

Charles Triquet and Joseph Hill, of St. George, Middlesex, turpentine manufacturers and copartners.

Thomas Wade, of Holborn, mercer, Robert Wilkinson, of East Ferry, in the parish of Scotton, Lincolnshire, dealer.

Thomas Garrit, of Lenham in Kent, grocer.

John Neale, of New Bond-street, St. George, Hanover-square, hatter.

Joshua

Josiah Branson, late of Lambeth-marsh, in Surry, dealer.

William Round, of Birmingham, toyman.

William Grove, of Smallbrooke-street, Birmingham.

James Pratt, of Wilden in the parish of Hartlebury, in Worcestershire, and Benjamin Pratt, of the Parish of Old Swinford in the said county, anvil manufacturers.

William Pitt, late of Bradford in Wilts, linen-draper.

Thomas Price, of Leadenhall-market, fishman.

Thomas Miller, of Great Sherston in Wilts, tanner.

David Roberts, of Llangadog in Carmarthenhire, dealer in cattle and hops.

John Rittinger, late of the Parish of St. John, Wapping, sugar-refiner.

### MARRIAGES.

At Mitcham, in Surry, Thomas Maitland, Esq. of Hants, to Miss Jane Mathew, eldest daughter to General Mathew, and niece to the Duke of Ancafter.

James Crane, Esq. of St. James's-street, to Miss Stratford, of the same place.

At Freshford, near Bath, Mr. Poinsett, surgeon, of Bath, to Miss Bachelor, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bachelor, of Freshford.

At Claybrook, in Leicestershire, Thomas Mason, Esq. of Stratford upon Avon, to Miss Wright, of Claybrook.

— Roper, Esq. of Chelsea, to Miss Jennings, of Newport-street, Long Acre.

Mr. Jarvis, master of the Coach and Horses at Greenwich, aged 70, to a person of 25.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir William Bowyer, Bart. to Mrs. Baker, relict of the late Captain Baker.

John O'Carrol, Esq. of Westmeath, in Ireland, to Miss Harriot Wright, daughter of Captain Wright, of Rotherhithe.

At St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, Temple Augustus Goodman, Esq. to Miss Fullmer, daughter of Mr. Fullmer, of St. Paul's, Covent-garden.

— Hall, Esq. of New Bond-street, to Miss Victor, of Brooke-street, Grosvenor-square.

Mr. Israel Lewis, of Fleet-street, to Miss Sawkins, of Maidstone, in Kent.

At St. George's, Queen-square, Lieutenant White, of the Navy, to Miss Kitchin, of East-street.

Mr. John Douglass, of the Strand, to Miss Isabella Young, of Hammermith.

The Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Stroud, in Gloucestershire, to Miss Allen, of Rodborough.

At the Quaker's Meeting-house in White-

Hart-court, Gracechurch-street, Mr. John Vickres Taylor, corn-merchant in Goodman's Fields, to Miss Eliz. Gray, one of the people called Quakers.

At Stoke upon Trent, in Staffordshire, Thomas Whieldon, Esq. to Miss Turner, daughter of John Turner, Esq. of Great Cumberland-street.

At Hutton, in Essex, S. Collard, Esq. to Miss Collard, of Bishopgate-street.

At Canterbury, Mr. John Burney, timber-merchant, on Bankside, to Miss Harnett, daughter of Mr. Harnett, of Canterbury.

At Brussels, the Hon. Charles Dillon, Esq. to Miss Mulgrave, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave.

George Maxwell, Esq. to Miss Lucy Gage, daughter of Sir Tho. Gage, Bart. of Coldham-hall, Suffolk.

Mr. Stevenson, grocer, in St. Martin's-lane, to Miss Robinson, of Water-street; and Mr. Stevens, of Water-street, to Miss Robinson, sister to that lady; and Mr. Robinson, painter, in Water-street, father to the above-mentioned ladies, to Miss Robinson of Grosvenor-square.

Mr. John Boodle, of Ongar, to Miss Sanna Meetkerke, of Julian.

### DEATHS.

At Gloucester, Charles Bewley, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

At Walthamstow, John Pistor.

At Greenwich, Jeremiah Redwood, Esq. in King-street, Bloomsbury, Henry Grey, Esq.

At Brompton, Mr. William Hawkins, a wealthy wine-merchant.

At the Hot Wells in Bristol, George Blagrove, jun. Esq. only son of George Blagrove, Esq. of Bullmarsh-heath.

At Tunstall, the Rev. Thomas Bland, Rector of Little Worley, in Essex, and Vicar of Sittingbourne.

The Rev. Edward Lund, Rector of Denton, and St. Thomas in the Cliffe, near Lewes.

At Threlkeld, in Cumberland, by a fall from the ceiling of the new church there, (of which he was undertaker) Mr. Clarke, carpenter.

At Clapton, Zachary Woodfield, Esq. formerly a Lisbon merchant.

In Old Broad-street, Mr. Van Henderick Tatum, a Dutch merchant.

Near Newbury, in Berks, Mrs. Merrick, wife of Mr. Merrick, haberdasher, at Holborn-bridge.

At Haddingdon, the Hon. Andrew Leslie, son of the deceased John Earl of Rothes.

At Potter-Newton-Hall, near Leeds, the only son and heir of Edmund Barker, Esq.

At



At Burnet-field, near Bradford, Mr. John Swaine, a speaker amongst the people called Quakers.

In the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Grisdale, a maiden lady, daughter of Mr. Grisdale, late of York.

At Hanworth Farm, in Middlesex, Miss Euphemia Almack, youngest daughter of Mr. Almack.

At his house in Spitalfields, Mr. James Pointhouse, who served with King George I. in the allied army, previous to that monarch's swaying the British sceptre.

At Newington, in Surrey, Mr. Norton, auctioneer in the Borough.

At his house near the Grey-Coat Hospital, Westminster, Mr. Richard Slaughter, one of his Majesty's messengers.

At Hampstead, Mr. John Streenton.

Mr. Clarke, fan-maker, on Ludgate-hill.

At Newark upon Trent, Mrs. Snow, widow of the late Matthew Snow, Esq. of Clipsham, in Rutlandshire.

At Edmondton, Mrs. Elizabeth Horabin, a widow lady.

In Hatton-garden, Mrs. Elizabeth Burton, relict of — Burton, Esq.

In Oxford-market, Mr. Harris, a wealthy coal-merchant.

In Burford, the Right Honourable William Knollis, Earl of Banbury, Viscount Wallingford, Baron Knollis of Greys, and a Lieut. Colonel.

Mrs. Ash, wife of Mr. Ash, broker, in Lothbury.

At Buxton, Derbyshire, Edward Clarke, Esq. a considerable planter in Jamaica.

In Lower Brook-street, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Archer, wife to John Archer, Esq. and aunt to the present Earl Fitzwilliam.

The Rev. Mr. Parry, of Cirencester.

At Epsom, Mrs. Sarah Compton, widow of Edward Compton, Esq.

At Twickenham, Mrs. Davis, wife of the Rev. Mr. Davis.

At Whitworth, in Derbyshire, Phillip Gill, Esq. late an eminent physician at Derby.

In Upper Brook-street, Charles Field, Esq. At Grantham, in Lincolnshire, Miss Palmer, an amiable young lady, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Palmer.

In India, the Hon. Lady Ann Monson, wife of the Hon. George Monson, one of the supreme council, and sister to the Earl of Darlington.

At Chichester, Mr. George Smith, land-

scape painter, and the survivor of three brothers in that profession; he gained the premiums in 1760, 1761, and 1763.

At Lincoln, Thomas Tomlinson, Esq. one of the coroners for that county.

Mr. Burgess, chamber-keeper at the Lord Chamberlain's office.

Mr. Martin, master of Marybone work-house.

Capt. Everet, of the Bedford, of 74 guns. His ship lies in the river, waiting for sailing orders.

In the Mint, Southwark, Mr. Millwood, wine-merchant.

In James-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. Joyce, Shoemaker: He dropped down, and expired immediately.

At Poplar, Capt. Joseph Errington, in the Carolina trade.

At Kingland, Mr. Cuthbert, wine-merchant, in Shoreditch.

Mr. Clarke, belonging to the East-India Company.

At his seat at Stoke, near Guildford, Jeremiah Dyfon, Esq. cofferer of his Majesty's household, member of parliament for Horsham in Sussex, and one of his Majesty's most honourable privy council.

In Hamilton-street, Hyde-park-corner, Joseph Tidmarsh, Esq.

In Cannon-street, Mr. Gore, jeweller.

Mr. Paul, importer of lace, in York-buildings.

In Basing-lane, Mr. Benjamin Burnley, one of the common-council of the ward of Bread-street.

In Conduit-street, Mrs. Rawlins, relict of — Rawlins, Esq.

Suddenly, in his shop in Oxford-market, Mr. Gibson, a carcase-butcher; he had been at market early in the morning, in seeming good health.

At Sherborne in Gloucestershire, James Lenox Dutton, Esq.

In Scotland, John Drummond, Esq. of Logie-Almond.

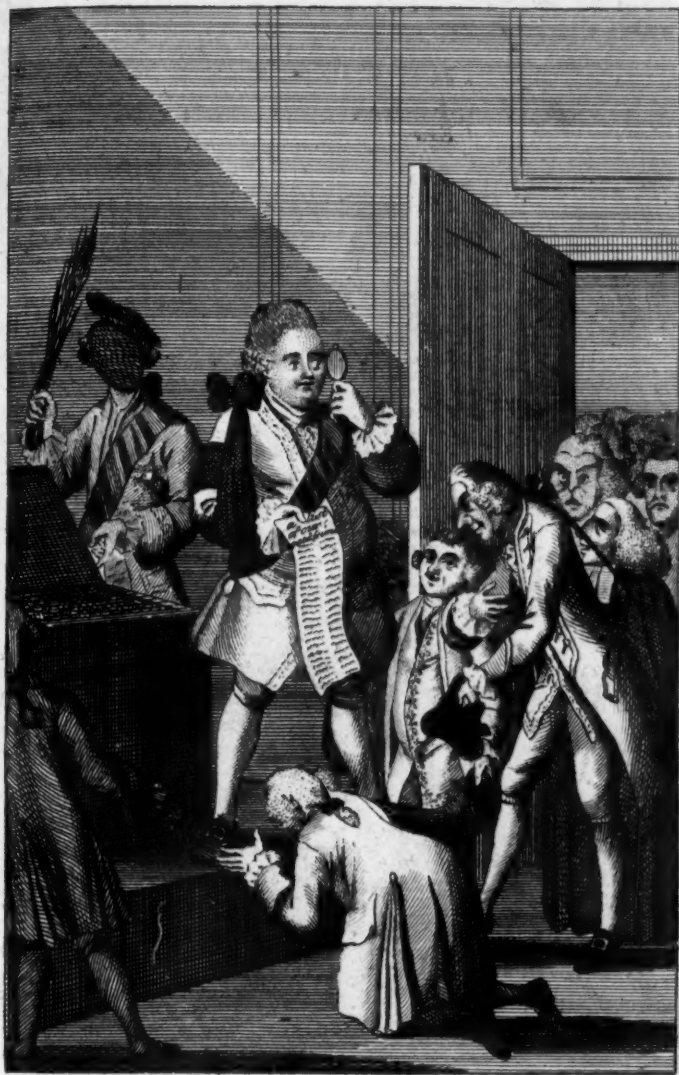
In Broad-street Buildings, Theophilus M<sup>r</sup> Neal, Esq. lately arrived from Barbadoes, having left that colony on account of the distress the inhabitants are in.

At Poplar, Josiah Van Rochle, Esq. who had made nine voyages to the East-Indies.

Near Nancy in Lorrain, M. Lancelot Chambellan, in his 109th year; a few days before his death, he walked upwards of ten miles.







*A certain North-country Schoolmaster giving a Lesson to his Pupils previous to their general meeting.*